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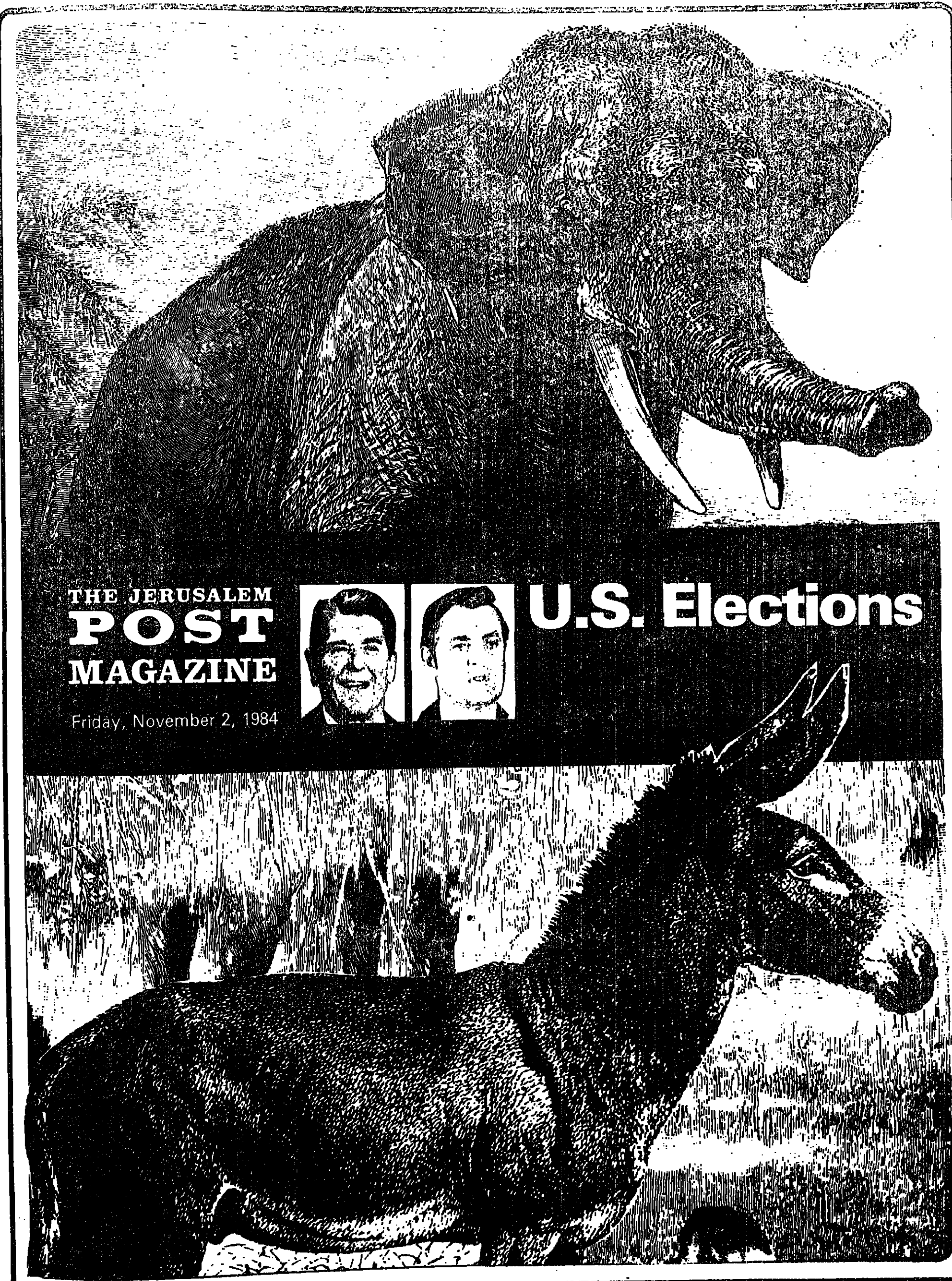
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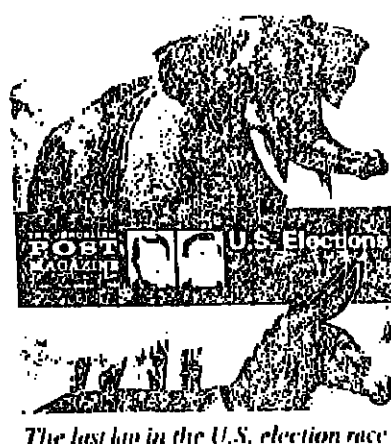
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THE NEWS out of the U.S. on the eve of the presidential elections is that this year it's chic to be Republican. A nationwide poll of high-school pupils found that 60 per cent preferred Ronald Reagan to Walter Mondale for president. College students, too, look up to the septuagenarian president as the symbol of a prosperous, strong America, as do the blue-collar workers.

The pollsters report that the workers have been largely ignoring the pro-Mondale line taken by the official AFL-CIO leadership. There are pundits who claim that the current shift to right of centre is part of a political cycle in America, with the teenagers and the students staging their own kind of counter-rebellion to the noisy rebelliousness of the generation of the 1960s, who today lament the conservatism of youth in America.

For the Israeli political observer there are interesting parallels between the U.S. elections in 1984 and Israel's Knesset elections in 1981.

Ronald Reagan resembles in many ways our Menachem Begin in his heyday. His charisma, his projection of the image of the father of the nation to a broad segment of the electorate, the feeling that he has "made America stand strong and upright" (as the election slogan goes), the sense of economic well-being informing so many people - all these things remind one of Begin, vintage 1981. The difference, however, is that in Israel the perception of economic well-being was a total delusion, while in the U.S. it is very real.

The Begin parallel certainly encompasses the phenomenon of overwhelming support among the rising generation and the working masses.

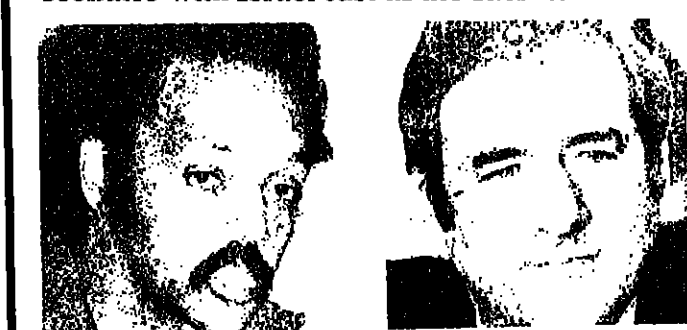
There has been another element in the campaign that suggests a parallel. Reagan and the Republicans continue to campaign against the 1976-1980 record of the Carter administration, associating the present Democratic candidate with the scars left on the national psyche by the sorry episode of the hostages in the American Embassy in Teheran. As in the Israeli elections of 1981, the opposition candidate carries the heavy burden of the perceived failings of the previous government. When television commentators remark that Ronald Reagan seems to be above the usual rules of political accountability, that has a familiar ring to an Israeli who lived through the Begin years.

THERE ARE pundits who claim that Mondale and the Democrats misread the national mood, aiming at the generation of the '70s with the fashionable ideas of the '60s - another parallel to our Labour Party's tactics under the initial campaign management influence of Yossi Sarid. The Democrats failed to take into account the wave of patriotism that the Olympic Games started across the land. These pundits also point to the highly significant behaviour of the black athletes who, on securing gold medals at Los Angeles, celebrated by wrapping themselves in the Stars and Stripes. This was in stark contrast to the behaviour at the Mexico City Olympics, when black athletes indulged in "black power" clenched fist demonstrations during the playing of the national anthem.

Another parallel could be discerned in the Democratic response to the charges that Mondale had gone too far to the left of the party of F.D.R. and J.F.K. The aim has been to woo back disaffected Democratic voters who switched to Reagan in 1980 and, despite his highly conservative domestic record, prefer

Conservative chic

As the U.S. election campaign draws to a close, The Post's MARK SEGAL reports from New York on parallels with Israel, the Jackson phenomenon, and an alarming apocalyptic scenario with Israel cast as the sacrificial lamb.



Lurking in the background: Jackson, Falwell

him to Mondale. The Rev. Jesse Jackson has suddenly disappeared from view; his loud anti-Jewish anti-Israel, and pro-Third World rhetoric certainly took front stage earlier this year, during the Democratic primaries. The Republicans have not allowed the Mondale people to get away with that play entirely, reminding voters of Jackson's cry of "Viva Cuba, Viva Castro" during a publicity-hunting trip to Havana in the summer.

In Washington a year ago there was a rumour that the Republicans were providing the seed money for the Jackson campaign. That rumour certainly appeals to those favouring the conspiracy view of politics and history, and has so far not been substantiated. However, in retrospect, the Republicans have benefited most from the emergence of Jackson on the scene. Moreover, it is a fact that investigations conducted by the FBI into the financial shenanigans of Jackson's Chicago-based "Push" organizations were inexplicably dropped at the outset of the campaign. Subsequently he was to describe the discrepancy of \$2 million to Lally Weymouth in *New York Magazine* as "sloppy accounting."

AS ONE perceptive black New York politician told me, "For every black voter that the Jackson campaign brought to register, it's clear that two whites went to the trouble of registering."

Indeed, the big test of Jackson's influence will be how many new black voters will turn up at the polls on November 6 due to his appeal. Many prominent black politicians, especially the increasing number of black mayors in the big cities, have distanced themselves from him quietly, if not publicly. The only nationally-known black figure to take issue with Jackson was Atlanta Mayor Andrew Young, who was booted by Jackson supporters at the San Francisco convention.

A major criticism of Mondale, and not only among Jewish voters, has been his lack of moral stature in not disassociating himself sufficiently strongly from Jackson at any stage in the campaign. Even in his last debate with Reagan, Mondale was offered an opportunity to distance himself from Jackson but did not do so. What disturbed many traditional Democratic supporters among the

American Jewish community was the Mondale organization's refusal to allow a resolution condemning anti-Semitism to be adopted by the convention out of deference to the Jackson camp.

It has been convenient from the start to have Jackson become a Jewish problem, rather than part of general black-white relations. In this way the WASP establishment managed to deflect the displeasure of the black masses that the first black contender for the White House should have failed so early in the race.

One intelligent, articulate young black taxi driver loudly regretted that "Jackson failed to get anywhere because he only wanted to be fair on the Middle East issue. He only wanted to let the Arab side be heard." When I observed that "fairness" seemed to be on the side of all those petro-dollars, I was reminded of the new image of Israel as Goliath and the Arabs as David in the perception offered on the Middle East by American Arabists, especially on TV.

JUST AS Israel's Labour Party in the recent elections took its traditional constituency for granted, and lost thereby, so the Democratic Party under Mondale's leadership has ignored the Jewish community, especially on the anti-Semitism resolution issue at the convention.

There is a widespread feeling among them of being taken for granted, and many people I know will unwillingly vote for Mondale or might shift to Reagan for a variety of reasons, and vote Democratic in their local congressional or gubernatorial contest.

Israel may have figured in the first stage of the election campaign - during the Democratic primaries - but that has not been the case in the run-up. Many middle-class Jewish voters, who support Republican fiscal policies, will be more easily able to vote for the Reagan-Bush ticket since the visit to the U.S. of Premier Shimon Peres afforded the Reagan White House a first-class opportunity to demonstrate its support for the new national unity government.

Yet many Jewish voters find themselves in a dilemma, confronted by what is perceived as the choice between the Democrats with Jackson on the left lurking in the background, and the Republicans with fundamentalists like the Rev. Jerry

Falwell on the extreme right. The anxiety over Jackson's role in a Mondale administration is fuelled by the Democratic candidate's refusal to name his likely cabinet in the unlikely eventuality of his winning on November 6.

The swing of the pendulum in American society, from the permissive '60s and '70s to the more conservative '80s, is reflected in the reversion to traditional values of family, motherland and religion, alongside the preoccupations of the "me generation," obsessed with keeping fit and keeping up with the fashions. There is the phenomenon of Khomeinism American-style, which many claim has always been here in varying degrees. Fundamentalism is also big business in America, as anyone who has watched preachers on TV soliciting - after hell-fire sermons - \$35 contributions (tax free) from the viewers out there.

THE LATTER part of the election campaign has featured considerable interest in the "Armageddon now" theory raised by fundamentalists. Basing themselves on the Book of Revelation, the religious right argue that Armageddon is imminent, that America's enemies are God's enemies and therefore a nuclear holocaust should not be discounted.

A group of Christian and Jewish religious leaders this week issued a statement fearing that Reagan would be influenced by those favouring Armageddon theology into not seeking a reconciliation with the Soviet Union.

After all, Reagan, who belongs to a fundamentalist sect but does not attend Sunday church services, did tell AIPAC director Thomas Dine last year: "I turn back to your ancient prophecies in the Old Testament and the signs foretelling Armageddon, and I find myself wondering if we're the generation that's going to see that come about." He has since identified the Soviet Union as "Satanic."

Falwell, leader of the influential Moral Majority, has tried to quell growing anxieties that Reagan plans to provoke nuclear war, which has certainly been pounced on by the Mondale campaign. Yet in a newspaper interview in 1981, Falwell was quoted as saying: "We believe that Russia, because of her need of oil... is going to move in on the Middle East, and particularly Israel, because of their hatred of the Jew, and that it is at that time when all hell will break out. And it is at that time when I believe there will be some nuclear holocaust on this earth."

I have heard that an alarmingly large group of these fundamentalists in the Mid-and Far-West have been proposing a scenario in recent years according to which Israel would play the role of sacrificial lamb. After the conjectured nuclear war and millions of Israeli casualties, Israel would - they contend - emerge the victor, all the Jews would convert to Christianity, and this would herald the Second Coming.

Within this grand theological design, there have popped up references to a sinister scheme for razing al-Aksa Mosque on the Temple Mount in order to facilitate the building of the Third Temple and advance the return of Jesus the Messiah. This is not such a sci-fi movie scenario, as anyone can see who has followed the trial of the would-be Gush Emunim terrorists and hastened the trial of the would-be deity they intended to serve was entirely different from that of the fundamentalist groups which have been channelling tens of thousands of dollars to certain agents in Jeru-

salem. Where the Christian fundamentalists do meet with the local Jewish supporters of our extreme right, from Ariel Sharon to Rafael Eitan to Meir Kahane, is in the latter group's readiness to fight to the last Israeli.

THE MAINSTREAM of the organized American Jewish community has been exercised by the drift towards the reinstatement of formal religious practices in schools. In countries like England where the Church is established, the Jewish community has managed fairly well to accommodate itself to the established religion. In America, however, things are different.

Last week I heard a dire warning from the president of the American Jewish Congress, Theodore Mann, on what he saw as a growing threat to the constitutional concept of the separation of religion and state. Mann was speaking at the AJC luncheon in New York honouring American Sephardi Federation leader Lilian Shalom, when he forecast "a very tough time in the next few years."

Mann said he did not wish to see again days like those of his childhood when, during prayers in schools, "we were taught that we were guests, albeit very welcome ones, in a Christian country." The AJC leader declared, "This is not a Christian country," and deplored the way "the president confuses Christianity with patriotism."

A less extreme reaction came from Nathan Perlmuter, the B'nai B'rith Anti-Defamation League's national director, whose comment on Mann's statement I sought. From the tenor of his remarks I assumed he thought Mann was being unnecessarily alarmist. Arguing that "there is considerable distance between the advocacy of a silent prayer period in schools and the crumbling of the wall of separation between state and religion in America... Obviously we have to be alert to any threat, but it's a questionable service to protect that wall by suggesting that Torquemada's hordes are about to overrun the U.S.... I personally would find greater credibility in this anguished deplored of clerical involvement in politics, if equal concern were expressed over clerical involvement in the civil rights and nuclear freeze movement... Too often behind the outburst of virtuous indignation I hear the tone of political partisanship," the ADL executive declared tartly.

It was the ADL associate national director, Abraham Foxman, who drew my attention to an article in last week's *Wall Street Journal* by columnist Vermont Royster. It comprised a reprint of something he had written just before the 1980 elections. There too he quoted the dire warnings of left-wing pundits like the *New York Times* Anthony Lewis against the threat of the religious right. Royster further wrote: "Our constitution does prohibit the government from establishing any religion as a state religion. For more than a generation our society has been dominated by the view that 'anything goes,' that all morality is relative and no one should judge another's belief or conduct. A reaction was inevitable..."

Now, if one dares to say that these arguments only underpin the validity of Zionism as the solution to the American Jewish dilemma, one provokes a look of bewilderment, especially among members of the official Zionist establishment here - as if aliya were even more far-fetched than the idea of the coming of the Messiah being hastened by the razing of the mosque on the Temple Mount.

IT'S AN ECONOMY that only immigrants from Argentina can comprehend.

Israel's annual hyper-inflation rate of some 400 per cent seems like something of an improvement to newcomers from that troubled Latin American country, but shocking to former Americans, Russians and Europeans.

If stretching one's salary to the end of the month is almost impossible for the veteran Israeli who owns an apartment and has a steady job, how much more difficult is it for new immigrants to make ends meet?

The government and the Jewish Agency have been negligent in attending to the needs of new immigrants overwhelmed by the need to cope with the enigmatic shekel. Jewish Agency aliyah department chairman Haim Aharon concedes that "we weren't O.K." The Agency let the subsistence grants given to olim during their first six months in the country erode to a shadow of their original real value.

The Absorption Ministry, which funds unemployment allotments to immigrants in the period following the first half year, is also confute. The new minister, Ya'acov Tzur, went so far as to release statistics which show that immigrants are discriminated against when it comes to unemployment compensation.

The minister, who toured a teachers' seminar and other facilities connected with the Student Authority, found that some young immigrants who were supposed to devote themselves to studying education had to go out to work as cleaning women in order to pay for room and board.

NEW OLIM say that their stay in an absorption centre is eating up their savings. A newcomer from Colombia, a senior bookkeeper who arrived a few weeks ago with his wife and children, says that he gets the equivalent of \$110 a month in subsistence payments from the Jewish Agency, but spends over \$250 for basic needs, excluding rent but including food.

A new immigrant and her husband and three children from France who have been here since January are now receiving unemployment allotments totalling \$72 per month from the Absorption Ministry. Their expenses are \$250 a month, and the difference is covered by savings that were meant to buy household goods and a down payment on an apartment.

The main injustice is that veteran Israelis who are unemployed receive benefits equal to 40 per cent of the national average wage, but new immigrants receive monthly grants equivalent to only 16.8 per cent of the average wage.

In actual figures, an unemployed immigrant who had been here more than six months received in September a total of IS36,000 to support himself and his family. In April 1983 he would have received IS6,500, which at that time was actually 24 per cent of the average wage.

An equivalent unemployed non-immigrant would have been receiving IS85,306 from the National Insurance Institute in September, and olim argue that their unemployment compensation should be linked to the same scale.

In today's economic situation, it isn't an olem's fault if he can't find a job immediately. Even if he has acquired at least some basic Hebrew, the government is in the midst of a hiring freeze and private employers are cutting back on staff.

Aharon of the Jewish Agency says it has been agreed with the government that olim who are already in civil service jobs will not be fired



Shekel shock

Learning the economic ropes is just another burden for the already overburdened new immigrant. JUDY SIEGEL reports.

because of staff cuts. Those who are employed thanks to the Absorption Ministry fund that subsidizes wages of newcomers will also not be sacked. However, this is not likely to induce many private employers to hire new immigrants: compensation from the ministry fund has been seriously eroded.

VETERAN Israelis have become inured to each great spurt in the cost-of-living index and have learned to turn their assets into material goods or into dollar-linked currency before the shekels melt in their hands. But new immigrants coming from economies where 1 per cent inflation a month is gigantic have a hard time adjusting. To help them cope, and admittedly to try to get business, commercial banks have begun to give seminars in absorption centres to explain about *Pukim*, *Tapas*, *Putah* and other schemes.

Since only some 16,000 olim have arrived in the past year, compared to nearly 60,000 in the early '70s, ministry and Agency clerks have a little more leisure to deal with the new olim who arrive: an average of only 44 a day.

But they are quickly splashed with cold water when they realize that if they haven't come with a well-equipped lift of household goods and adequate reserves of foreign currency, they will have a hard time finding a permanent place to live and furnishing it.

MOST IMMIGRANTS today are sent by taxi from the airport to one of a few dozen absorption centres or immigrant hostels - the centres for families and the hostels for couples or singles. There are currently nearly 15,000 residents in these temporary facilities, some of them since as far back as 1981.

At most of them, rent is on the house for the first six months, courtesy of the Agency, while you study basic Hebrew at the ulpan. You must pay for food, gas and electricity.

After that period, if you are lucky enough to have a decent-paying job, you have to pay the rent too. Rental of a four-room absorption centre flat is IS32,000, and for a three-room flat, IS24,000. It doesn't sound outrageously high, but for a new immigrant without tenure at work and starting out near the bottom of the wage scale, it is a relatively large sum.

The Mevasseret Zion Absorption Centre, 9 km. west of Jerusalem, is the most popular of all the Agency's facilities. It is more a village than a way-station, having its own kinder-

gartens, synagogue, mini-market and school. A total of 190 flats, most of them in four-family, two-storey pre-fabricated buildings, are surrounded by lawns and trees and internal pathways. If it weren't for the temporary surroundings and worries about the future, it could be paradise.

SINCE MAY, the director of the centre has been Atara Kligman, an articulate young sociologist. Married, with three daughters, she commutes from Shoeva, a nearby moshav.

Her office is constantly abuzz with residents who want to see her personally; they think that if a clerk or a lower official hears their problem, it would not get the same attention as she would give it.

The centre now has on its rolls a total of 754 olim, or 156 families. Some 60 families come from the U.S., 11 from Britain, 30 from France and the rest of Western Europe, 18 from the USSR, 14 from Latin America and about 20 from Rumania and Hungary.

Kligman reports that nine of the families, including two from the U.S. and the rest mostly elderly pensioners from Rumania, have been living at the "temporary" absorption facility since 1981. The Americans and French generally lower the average by leaving soon after their initial six months. Argentinians, Russians and Rumanians raise the average length of stay.

ASIDE FROM finding a job, the most pressing problem is finding a permanent place to live. The government changed its policy a few years ago, and new immigrants no longer line up for government apartments - Amidar flats rented for small sums and available with an option to purchase.

Only destitute olim from countries of oppression or those with no savings are entitled to such an arrangement today. Instead, government mortgages were increased somewhat and olim are now expected to find an apartment on the private market. Mortgage repayments are largely linked to the C-o-L index, and only a working couple can hope to afford to pay it back.

The amount loaned to the immigrant, however, is not linked to the dollar or even to the C-o-L index. One must be something of a financial wizard to know when to sign the contract with the owner or contractor - when the value of the mortgage is at its peak, rather than just before

the mortgage level has been updated by the government.

Olim who find it impossible to buy a flat are forced to rent one on the private market; these apartments are generally available only on short leases, and they move from place to place - a repeat of the Wandering Jew syndrome. The government's rent subsidy has finally been linked to the dollar, following Absorption Ministry requests to the Treasury, thus preserving the value of the fairly generous subsidy.

The director of Mevasseret complains that regulations regarding immigrant benefits are often changed suddenly; for example, those relating to basic furniture such as beds, whose cost is later repaid by the immigrant. So many changes are made that centre staffers lose their credibility and olim are left confused and angry.

Many argue that the continuing sharing of aliyah and absorption responsibilities by the Agency and the Absorption Ministry are responsible for these mix-ups, as well as for promises made abroad by aliyah emissaries that are not kept by ministry officials.

GOVERNMENTS of Israel for many years have behaved as if they didn't care about aliyah or olim. The Knesset has never devoted a serious, well-attended session to aliyah and absorption problems. The Horev Commission Report on streamlining the bureaucracy, completed a decade ago, is gathering dust in the State Archives; it has never been discussed by the cabinet.

Since the Absorption Ministry was established in 1968, most of the ministers were either unknown politicians who had to be awarded with a portfolio, or more senior men who had other portfolios as well and had little time for absorption. Many of the Agency officials charged with aliyah were grade-B politicians with no interest or expertise in immigration.

At first glance, it is surprising to encounter so much idealism and enthusiasm when one visits an absorption centre these days. There is certainly an air of tension and worry about jobs, housing and making ends meet. But those who come on aliyah now are more idealistic. A large majority are religiously traditional to Orthodox, who view settling in Eretz Yisrael as a big *mitzva*, just as leaving the country is a sin.

Many of the olim have been to Israel before as students or tourists, and they know what they're in for. Despite the harder times, the percentage from the West who return to their native country within three years has dropped significantly. Most of those who do drop out are singles, who are granted only a fraction of the housing assistance given to married people.

Kligman sees a definite concern among potential olim that now is not the time to come on aliyah. Of 22 families who were supposed to come to the centre in October, only five had arrived by the third week of the month. She only expected a few more to turn up.

YA'ACOV NAHON, the bookkeeper from Colombia, is optimistic that he and his wife, a psychologist who acted as a liaison between the Colombia Jewish community and the Israeli embassy, will find work. He says he is very satisfied with the centre, but is eager to leave it, well aware that "it is like an island of Russians, Americans, French, Rumanians, Argentinians - it is not Israel."

Olim tend to speak their native tongues when they are surrounded by immigrants from their country, so

their language proficiency suffers. But the centre's support for fledgling olim is vital at the initial stage, he admits. "Tamar Barkai, the woman who came here from France in January with her husband and three children, and her friend Maggie Seaton, who arrived from Paris the same month with a husband and two children, find themselves in a similar economic situation having passed their initial six-month period."

Both couples, modern Orthodox Jews, are highly motivated and looking for work. Neither of the women complains; they worry about the elderly Rumanians who are having a hard time getting through the month on their unemployment allotments.

Both are sorry that they did not come on aliyah earlier, when economic times were easier and it was less of a problem finding housing and employment.

But they are philosophical. "In no other country is there so much help," says Tamar, "certainly not in the U.S. There are no absorption centres like Mevasseret. Here we get a feeling that we are wanted." The centre has organized tours of Jerusalem and various historical and religious sites around the country, making them feel at home in Israel.

She would like to settle in Shilo in Judea and Samaria, while Maggie would like to find a moshav. Tamar, whose parents left Tunisia for France when she was small, and who would like them to follow her to Israel, speaks very good Hebrew. Maggie, whose roots in France go back five generations, is less fluent, but serious about her studies.

"I know a couple who left the absorption centre and went back to France after a year. They told themselves they were here on trial; they felt they had a choice," says Tamar. "The only way to succeed as an olem today is to cut the umbilical cord with your native country and decide that you have come home."

HAIM AHARON of the Agency's aliyah department, who took office at the beginning of this year, says that the Agency has set up a committee to link immigrant subsistence payments (during the first six months in the country) to the level of supplementary assistance grants of the Labour and Social Welfare Ministry. It is also trying to persuade the Finance Ministry to support its call for linking the Absorption Ministry's unemployment benefits to NII payments to unemployed non-immigrants.

As for the problem in finding jobs, Aharon says that many Western Jews have expertise in fields such as engineering and computing, that could easily get them a job in Israel, no matter what its economic situation.

He has heard of potential immigrants who have cancelled or postponed their plans to come, but he believes that the number of olim will stabilize and again total some 16,000 in the coming year. Still, he admits that the figure would be much smaller if it weren't for the arrival of olim from Ethiopia.

The new absorption minister has also quickly realized that something must be done or the economic situation will prove disastrous for aliyah. Tzur has set up his own committee to study mortgages, rental subsidies and unemployment allotments. He is also eager to get far-reaching help with housing for single olim. News about aid to unmarried olim should be disclosed in the next few weeks, says Aharon.

Nevertheless, the going is hard. One can only conclude that those who come on aliyah voluntarily and on their own initiative today are unsung heroes.

A JERUSALEM lady was going to buy a handsome fur coat, priced at \$3,000. Would she purchase it in the morning or the afternoon?

In the morning (we are talking about a Monday), payment is made at the previous Friday's exchange rate. Monday's exchange rate, made known at 1 p.m., was on that particular day 1.6 per cent higher; so if the lady bought the coat in the afternoon, it would cost her IS22,560 more. Had she chosen the morning, the shopkeeper would be getting IS22,560 less.

"And that's not all," he groans. "When we receive payment, do we post it to the bank at the end of the day together with all the other moneys received? Not on your life. The cheque is taken to the bank by hand in a taxi. The cost of the taxi is nothing compared with the cost of even a few hours delay."

How does the shop find out what the new exchange rate is each day? "We phone the Bank of Israel. Everybody phones the bank at the same time, we have to dial and re-dial for over half-an-hour." A disc gives all the exchange rates, like the voice at El Al announcing flights. Now the bank has introduced a separate phone number just for the dollar rate.

A BUSINESSMAN makes the following point:

"I owe a guy a large sum and send him a cheque. He rings me up. Four days have passed (our mail is not the speediest); he wants me to pay the difference. I retort that when I sent him the cheque, I kept an equivalent sum in my current account. It's been waiting for him."

"We shout at each other. Someone has to be the loser, him or me. Blistering disputes heat up Israel's telephone lines on this kind of topic day after day."

There can be nasty surprises. Someone sent a cheque abroad. This involves a double transaction: the bank has first to cash in the money, after which it telexes the dollar equivalent overseas, all of which takes a couple of days. The sender discovered to his chagrin that the processing-time had caused him, on a cheque of \$5,000, a loss - over and above the normal bank charges - of around \$100.

There is a way around the impasse. You can deposit the \$5,000 in a Patam (dollar-linked) account and ask the bank to transmit the money out of that account. Complicated, right? In Israel's present inflationary conditions, you have to think about every financial operation.

Take the simplest possible deal: buying petrol for your automobile. The nearest garage sells for cash, another further away accepts credit cards. Go to the one further away, even though the detour costs you time and petrol. You could be saving yourself (assuming a monthly inflation of 25 per cent) up to 12.5 per cent on the bill.

A firm in the suburbs had an account with a taxi company. It sent a messenger to collect a package, which was too big for his motor-bike. He was told to bring it back by taxi - but not from the cab-rank on the spot. He was to order a vehicle by phone from the taxi company, situated some distance away.

"It will cost more," he protested. "No, it won't." "Why not?" "Inflation, you idiot."

EVERYBODY BECOMES a dealer. At one workplace in the capital, the men are known to take their monthly pay-packet straight to East Jerusalem, where they buy black-market dollars. They sell the green-

Money madness

The Post's David Krivine lists some of the bewildering complexities faced by businessmen in days of runaway inflation



backs during the month to finance their daily shopping.

Those with accounts at the bank phone in constantly. Are they in credit? Horror! The money depreciates at close to 1 per cent per diem. Are they in deficit? Still worse. An overdraft within the permitted limits costs 24 per cent a month. If the depositor exceeds those limits, he is charged 28.5 per cent.

Some businessmen get dunned for more, having to unpocket 35 per cent. One of them exploded with a wrath. "That means 10 per cent a month at least, over and above the rate of inflation!"

It's the same as paying 120 per cent per annum on a dollar loan.

Many firms are used to living on borrowed money because working capital has traditionally been subsidized by the government.

Now they fall on their noses. A company that relies on overdrafts

more. It's down to 30 days, and in many cases to a maximum of 15 days."

Why is that, if the credit is linked? "Firms want cash, they are strangled for money."

THE HEAD of an investment company deplores that he can't read his own profit-and-loss account any more.

"Once upon a time, if you had receipts of IS1m, you wrote down IS1m. Today, the figure is meaningless. You have to know when the money was paid in."

"Let me give you an example. A department in one of our hotels has always showed a profit, and suddenly it showed a loss. What was the reason? Many foreign visitors pay for their rooms in advance, and there's nothing wrong with that. But expenses are debited as they occur. Since prices go up each month, outlays turned out to be bigger than income."

An industrial company made a profit in dollars last year. But according to the official accounting procedure, it showed a loss in shekels. So it was not charged income tax.

How come? It earned a dollop of income at the start of the year, when the dollar was IS40. It carried a debt, and the linkage was tax-deductible. During the 12-month period, the shekel sank to IS50 per dollar. So by the end of the year, the amount deductible on the debt (which had not grown in dollar terms) was greater than the amount registered as earned income (which was "linked" only in part, depending on how the money was used).

Analysing figures has become a full-time job. Companies take on an extra accountant just to cope with inflation. Every transaction becomes complex. The small man gets to be a professional financier. He instructs his bank daily, even hourly, to "buy" or "sell" sums amounting to \$100 or \$200. The work of the bank is doubled and trebled.

The author of this article used to buy 30 or 40 stamps at a time for his mail to Europe and the U.S. He dares not do that any more: it is throwing money into the gutter. Now, every time he writes a letter to a foreign destination, he takes a walk to the post office and queues up to purchase one stamp.

IT IS NOT sufficient in business to provide a good product or service and sell it at a competitive price. The trick nowadays is manipulation. Get your receipts as early as possible and make your payments as late as possible. Sounds easy? The trouble is that the people you do business with want the same thing in reverse - that your receipts from them be as late as possible and your payments to them as early as possible.

Transactions are bunched on the 14th of each month, and for a simple reason. The price-index is published on the 15th. If you owe someone, say, IS100,000 index-linked, the sum equals \$220 when you pay it, but it is worth \$180 to the recipient on the next day.

"The Treasury does that to its creditors systematically: it pays on the 14th of the month," says an auditor reprovingly. "It's a form of taxation which doesn't figure in the budget."

Best off, he says, are the self-employed doctors, dentists, lawyers and other professional people who get the bulk of their fees in cash.

"The gap from the time the doctor pockets his fee until he hands over the tax due on it ranges from 16 to 45 days. His tax obligation may come to 60 per cent, and he conscientiously pays that - but in depreciated

money. The true cost of the tax to him is not 60 per cent; it is something like 35 per cent."

The Law on Taxation in Times of Inflation does its best to help prevent the erosion of capital. An enterprise owns IS10m. of capital, and prices treble during the year; therefore, in order to retain its original value, the above sum should rise to IS30m.

The company may deduct from profits a sum to shore up that capital. It has a profit of IS24m. It needs the whole of that to do the shoring-up in full, all the way to IS30m. In fact, it is allowed to use not more than half its profits for the purpose. Half of IS24m comes to IS12m., so the company is charged tax only on the remaining IS12m.

Not surprisingly, many industrial firms took advantage of the stock-exchange boom 18 months ago and sold shares to the public, because the government had made it advantageous to own equity. (The government had also made it less advantageous to use the money for playing the market instead of ploughing it into the business. Stock-exchange profits according to business firms are now taxable.)

DAVID BRODT, assistant director-general in the Ministry of Industry and Trade:

"The problem is uncertainty. If we knew that all prices were rising evenly at a steady 5 per cent a month, there wouldn't be any great difficulty. But nobody knows what next month's inflation will be. Also, there are leads and lags. If a merchant raises his prices too late, he can take a beating. Everything depends on timing." The old adage, "Time is money," has never been so true.

Big producers and big marketing organizations clash over this time factor, Brodt points out.

"The marketing organizations expect 30 to 90 days' credit as before, the manufacturers cry *gawd*. A month is now like a year." He reaches for his price-statistic tables: "To give 45 days' credit today is, in cost terms, like giving three years' credit in the early Seventies."

Not all firms manage; some face a severe liquidity crisis. And "a lot of energy is wasted in getting to grips with this welter of problems. The banks are overworked. Paradoxically, the pressure they face has accelerated computerization. They are ahead of the European banking system in this respect."

"Even supermarkets have computers connected to their cash-registers. The shop-girl presses a code-number identifying the item purchased; the cash register prints its current price."

Why not fix everything in dollars? Many agencies do, but there are erratic results here, too. The owner of a repair-garage points to a form supplied by a manufacturer of electric batteries. Prices are listed both in dollars and in shekels. The date is given as September 30 and the exchange rate, printed prominently, is IS408 to the dollar.

Says the garage owner: "I have just been notified (this is October 15) that as from tomorrow, the exchange rate will be IS480 to the dollar. Have you ever heard of such a thing? What's going on here?" The Bank of Israel's exchange rate was much lower - IS438.

Profiteering? On the other hand, the exchange rate during the period 30 September-15 October had risen higher than the IS408 fixed by the battery company. So was it really penalizing the public, or just trying to recover losses? Or anticipating the price-freeze?

Or was it doing all three? In these bewildering times, one doesn't know any more.

DOREEN was back in Berkeley now, remarried, another family. It had been 10 years since I had seen her, 15 since we had both lived in that renowned town.

I called to say hello, and she invited me and Molly to come to some kind of ceremony for her newborn son. She called it a "naming ceremony" and when I asked her if that meant a *brit*, she said no, it's a naming ceremony.

Her husband was from New York, a Renaissance man whom everyone described as brilliant. He was a professor like her first husband, Paul, but he didn't sound anything like Paul, who had stopped being a brilliant professor long ago, and had gone off to work as a teamster.

Molly wanted to go, to get out of the cycle of playgrounds and dirty diapers and see some grown-up people. She was also curious to meet beautiful Doreen, the heroine of Carol Liskin's trashy book, a best-seller which had been made into a TV mini-series.

The house in the Berkeley flatlands off Sacramento St. was overflowing with couples, most of them in their late thirties, lot of little kids, everything at Berkeley tempo, wine and smoke on the sun dappled brown-shingle porch. I was in the spacious, three-bedroom home was packed with Doreen, and Jeff's friends, most of them from their "Radical Havura" group. None of the people I had known well in the Berkeley of the Sixties was there, but I recognized Agnes Brown, the Black journalist who had been involved in the Free Speech Movement and the Vietnam Day Committee. She remembered me as a friend of Sidney Kramer's, and she asked me about the tormenting genius who had spent the Seventies in hell. He had tried suicide four times during a decade of in-and-out incarceration as a manic-depressive.

"What a loss - to us," she said. "But Sidney was always so crazy intense... You know, I love him a lot. He and Ben Goldman were always very sure of their Jewishness, and they didn't just say yasshi to the Black nationalists who were ranting on about the Jews. Did you know that I converted?"

I was shocked. "To Judaism?" When I asked her why, she said that the people closest to her were Jews, from childhood on. "My father was a state legislator. I was never out on the streets trying to score smack or sell myself at age 12. I relate to Jews better than to Blacks. I respect the history and the learning, the religion you know, it saved my life. I got raped six months ago by this ghoul called Greasy, the Berkeley nightmare... He raped me for five hours, broke into the house and held a knife to my throat. My little boy was asleep in the next room. Greasy said he was going to kill us both. He was very big, powerful, a Black with a hood on his head. I've never been so close to death before. All I could think of was the *Shema*, you know? I kept saying it over and over and over again like a mantra - *Shema Yisrael Adonai Eloheinu Adonai Ehad*. It saved my life. I would have lost my mind without it."

THE GUESTS started cramming in to the word-panelled living room with its parquet floor. Molly and I held up our kids to let them see what was happening. A hip, Reform-type rabbi was standing next to the new parents, I gaped when I saw Doreen. I had told Molly what a beauty she was, a princess of the Movement, and here was this plump, hard-faced middle-aged woman.

Who would have thought that our generation would ever grow older?

Doreen had always photographed so well at the Oakland Induction Centre, at People's Park in '69, or in Goddard's movie, when he spread some of his \$6 million budget among the fresh-faced revolutionary students shouting "Power to the People." In one scene of that film, Doreen, who came from Beverly Hills like I did, said, "I don't have to prove my revolutionary credentials to anyone." She looked lovely, like she did when she curled up to Paul and let her Chinese skirt crawl up to reveal a silky leg.

In the movie, as in real life, Paul's presence had always been more impressive. He had been born political, and he possessed that first-born's assurance in whatever he said, smooth but thoughtful while others feared they would trip over their tongues or say something foolish.

Doreen's new husband made a different impression. A distorted, intelligent, snotty face, bumpy head and glasses. He and Doreen were rambling on about how they chose their son's name - Adam.

Molly was put off by the spectacle. "A naming ceremony? Why can't they just celebrate a birth instead of holding all these people here? What's so interesting that they all look so rap?" Let's go.

Agnes nudged up to us. "Jeff there is right up there with Noam Chomsky - he's really very brilliant and he's okay, although he's a bit too contemptuous of mere mortals." Jeff had three PhDs from Harvard and Cal Tech in philosophy, physics and political science. He was probably high on the piano, the best Channel swimmer in the world and a genius of Kabbalah as well. He had written six books, and his lectures at Berkeley were packed with admiring students.

AS THE ceremony droned on, the kids got restless, and we took them out to the front lawn. Doreen and Jeff took 40 more minutes to explain how they came to name their son Adam. The audience seemed to enjoy the presentation, which, I learned later, had to do with clay and earth and rejection of the five stars and the colour red. Finally, the hip rabbi mumbled a blessing and the ceremony ended with gentle laughter and applause.

Then Doreen, surrounded by an entourage of friends, brought gurgling Adam into the sun. When she saw me, she gave me a hug, shook hands with Molly and our children. A sloppy pregnant woman who looked in her ninth month joined us. Doreen introduced her as Berkeley's leading midwife. Jeff came over to introduce himself. I told him we had come back to the States for a short stay to try to make some money, and that we were going back to Israel soon. A slight smile flashed across his broad face.

"The trouble with Israel," he said, "is that if you have to be Jewish to be a first-class citizen, how can you claim to be a democratic state?"

I figured such a brilliant person would run circles around me, so I got him to do the talking, asking him about their Jewish consciousness group.

Jeff was pleased and explained how the "radical Havura phenomenon" got started. "We're all on the left. We were all active in the anti-war movement. We wanted to interpret what this Jewish revival thing is all about. What developed was this circle of about 50 people - including about 15 PhDs and writers of twice as many books - singing together, lighting candles on Friday nights. Very few had real Jewish backgrounds. I did. My grandfather was one of the leading Jewish intel-

Naming Adam

The Havura movement has attracted tens of thousands of American Jews who wish to express their Jewishness in a communal, informal framework. LOUIS RAPOPORT describes an encounter with a probably atypical group, radical students of the '60s generation.



lectuals in Europe."

Jeff had been a member of Hahonim, and had spoken on the same platform with Ben-Gurion in the Fifties. "That's when I swallowed all the bullshit the Zionists feed you." He had grown up in the Social Democratic world, the anti-Zionist in the Workers' Circle. About one-third of his friends had similar pink- or red-diaper New York Jewish backgrounds.

"Anyway, we all had a sense of wanting to re-do the ritual and to create new ceremonies, like the one we just had. What'd you think of it?" "Oh, very nice," I said.

"So we learned more about the Jewish holy days and customs in order to create new rituals, followed by critical evaluations of Zionism, talks on Jewish socialism in America - but also talks on Cuba and other subjects as well."

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lectuals in Europe."

"Bill's our only religious member," Doreen said, poking him playfully.

After talking about Sidney's suicide attempts and his struggles with Lithium, I asked why Bill was different from the others, why he had become a *baal teshuva*, a penitent.

"I didn't have any religious tradition in my family," he said focusing on my eyes. "My parents were New Dealers, very assimilated. And SDS, well, it's strange about SDS. There was never any talk at all about Jews in the organization in the Sixties, even though about 40 per cent of the members were Jews. It wasn't until a couple of years ago at an SDS reunion that we had any discussion about it. We even had a Jewish caucus - it was the first time in my experience that something like that was held in a larger, revolutionary movement. It seems that the interaction between the feminist movement and the Jewish movement is crucial for advancing the revolution. I never really thought about Israel until after the Yom Kippur War."

Molly and I both liked him. He looked like a victim of the times, a sweet and vulnerable and lonely man. The others seemed to be sanctimonious intellectuals who paid lip-service to Israel's right to exist. Bill spoke humbly, perhaps a little too humbly - a beaten-down monk among his Berkeley people, who seemed to feel sorry for him.

"We need a world organization of strugglers. Planetary comprehension of our situation. Every nation has a tradition moving towards that place. My roots are in Jerusalem or in Hebron or somewhere - but my roots are also in America, in the radical, progressive human rights movement. Every people has a right to its burying place. Abraham is the father of both Jews and Arabs. I'm looking for the combination between Jewishness and radical tradition so that I'm not fragmented. I consider myself enlisted in the army of the Jews."

Jeff winced, Doreen looked away. Agnes smiled. Doreen tried to redirect the conversation. "The things that are important to us now are the anti-nuclear campaign, health and welfare issues, Cuba..."

Jeff looked at him impatiently. "We're not political or religious Zionists for whom Israel is the ultimate expression. None of us is concerned with the goal of living in Israel."

"Except me," Bill said, smiling wryly.

WE GAVE Agnes Brown a ride back to the city. She sat in the back seat between the children. Molly turned in her seat to ask her what she thought of the naming ceremony, and the group as a whole.

"I'm not part of it - you know what they say about converts? We're the most fanatical about the religion. I believe in Judaism, not just in Jewish traditions and cultural Jewishness. Doreen's an old dear friend, and I went to her ceremony to see her and Adam, not to take part in any of that jive. I knew most of these people in 1964, and now it's a generation later, you know what I mean?"

I said that I don't relate to people who are so intent on only one aspect of being Jewish that they turn it into a cause - some people on the left did that with so-called Jewish culture.

Agnes said "there's some super-fine people, like Bill, and Deborah Glass and Mike Sommers. Then there's some obnoxious people like Leo Jacobson - and by the way, he's not just concentrated on the culture. He advocates more religious content, more transcendental experience - and he's got supporters in the group. His big rival is Jeff, who

"The group's not at all monolithic," Doreen explained, pulling out her breast and bringing Adam to it. "There's lots of conflict. David Korn - he was a major force during the FSM - well he accuses us of being too secular, humanist. Politics remains very central to our concerns."

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"We're not overly concerned about Soviet Jewry for one thing," Arni sniffed. "That's mainly an establishment Jewish concern. None of us are going to rush into the streets to demonstrate - everyone's quite sophisticated politically. It's a real Jewish, socialist, feminist group."

Jeff mentioned that I worked for a newspaper.

Arni's face immediately registered paranoia. A comic-book reaction: his eyes narrowed into red suspicious slits, his pupils darted back and forth. "You are not going to report on any of this. If I knew you worked for the media I never would have talked to you."

He left abruptly, joining other guests, snarling and gesturing towards me. "Don't mind that," Jeff reassured me. "I mean, he's right of course - none of this is to be written about, used by the media. We are not interested in attracting new members or anything. We're just a group of friends with mutual Jewish interests."

I thought they were right to be paranoid about what other friends might think, as well as their enemies - a radical Jewish cabal! Doreen, having comforted Adam, now, in a sense, offered her breast to me. "You remember what paranoia was like - Arni just doesn't know you. And we've been burned so often."

"There's a lot of conflict and pain among us," Bill said softly, "mostly over how important it is to be Jewish."



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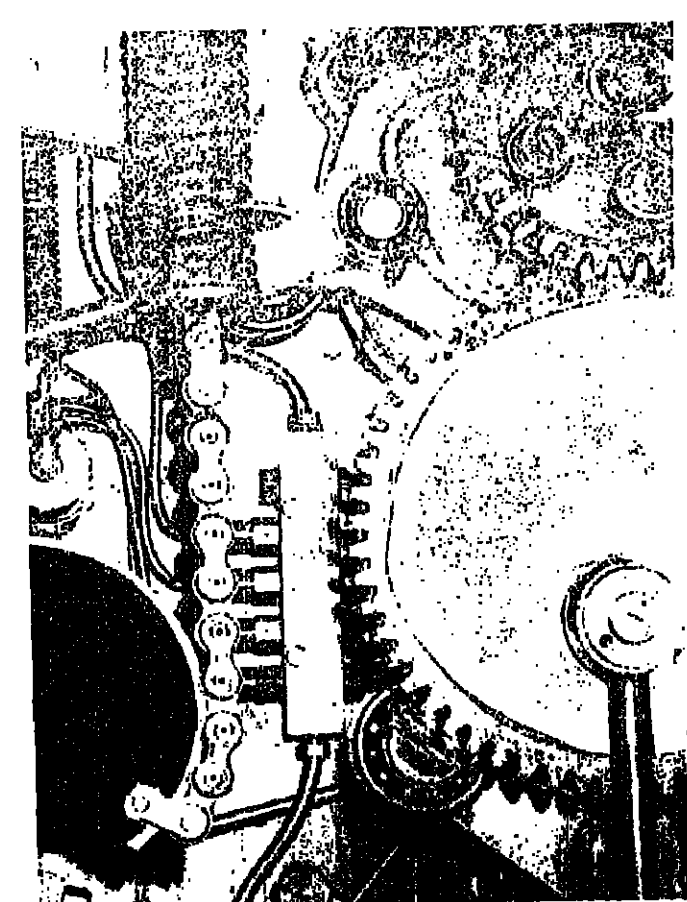
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Technokibbutzology



Whatever happened to the image of the idealistic pioneer settling on a kibbutz to grow oranges? The kibbutznik today is just as likely to be a chemist, hotel manager or electronic engineer.

The astonishing evolution of kibbutz industry has led to the establishment of some 330 factories, producing everything from robots to toilets to silicone gaskets. But the kibbutz has not forgotten its roots, so to speak, and is still supplying the world with those big, beautiful Jaffa oranges.

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SIDNEY LUMET is balding and bespectacled. His face is lined and of serious expression, lit up by a warm and ready smile. Casually dressed in jeans shirt and pants, small in stature, he is a far cry from the image of a famous movie director.

But his 30 films include such hits as *Twelve Angry Men*, *Long Day's Journey into Night*, *The Pawnbroker*, *Serpico*, *Dog Day Afternoon*, *Prince of the City*, *Murder on the Orient Express*, *Equus* and *Network*. Even his failures have been honourable.

Daniel, the powerful film he presented at the Haifa Film Festival, is such a failure. "It was not a success commercially or critically in America," he tells me on the terrace of his Haifa hotel.

"But it's my best work to date, because it's the most complex on the human and moral level, and in the issues involved. The characters exploring these issues and themselves go into areas which few movies ever bridge."

The film is based closely on E.L. Doctorow's novel *The Book of Daniel*, which tells the story of the Isaacsons (clearly modelled after Ethel and Julius Rosenberg), who were executed in the United States as Soviet spies. Shortly before the film was released, a book called *The Rosenberg File* was published, purportedly documenting Julius Rosenberg's involvement with a Soviet spy ring.

"That book did have an effect on how the film was received," Lumet affirms, "because the automatic assumption was that the picture would be a sentimental plea about their innocence, which it is not. I deliberately didn't read the book, because I didn't want to get into endless discussions about whether the Rosenbergs were guilty or not."

"I don't know whether they were guilty or innocent. In terms of the movie, it's relatively unimportant, because the movie deals with the effects of their execution on their children. Neither the film nor Doctorow's great novel attempt to be historically accurate."

"We don't know the real truth about the Rosenberg case, and that's not the concern of the novel or the film. The essential facts about the Isaacsons and the Rosenbergs are similar."

"Both went to City College in New York, where they met. Both were young radicals, both became members of the Communist Party, and both had the amazing, unrelenting ability to keep reciting dogma in the face of facts."

"I'm stunned at people putting politics above their children, which they both do, and I'm fascinated by the idea of children paying the price for their parents' actions. *Daniel* is about two things: on the personal level, it's about Daniel's salvation even under such nightmare circumstances. On the social, mass level, it's about a watershed experience in American life when fear was so pervasive that the nightmare of the McCarthy era could happen."

THE FILM, shot in 41 days, cost \$7 million, low-budget in American film terms, but it took Lumet nine years to raise the money, "because, aside from anything political, the subject is not the happiest of tales, and financing for stories of tragic events is hard to get."

"Why did he persist? It's a question he's been asked many times. "When I read the book in 1971, I thought it was magnificent. The background to the story is one I know very well. It's a big part of my own life."

"Beyond that," he ventures, "there's a distinct possibility that



Where angels fear to tread

It took nine years to raise the money for a film about the Rosenberg spy case, because Hollywood 'angels' are reluctant to back films outside the usual movie fare. Pearl Sheffy Geffen interviews director Sydney Lumet, who was here for the recent Haifa film festival.

that atmosphere of fear could happen again, very easily and very quickly, and not only in America. All over the world, there's an enormous swing to the right, in England, in the U.S., in the Moslem countries, and even in Israel. There are parallel developments going on all over the world, with religious fundamentalism terribly strong in the Middle East and in America. When that becomes a part of government, I find it a great danger."

THIS IS Lumet's first visit to Israel. "I've always wanted to come, but it's awfully far," he says. "I work very hard, and therefore, between films, I

rest very hard, usually in my place in the country."

Lumet's father was a veteran Yiddish actor, and young Sidney made his professional acting debut on radio at the age of four. At 11, he was playing a Dead End kid on Broadway. "I didn't actually choose to become an actor," he recalls, "but I loved it. It kept me off the streets and into a world where I was treated like a star. Getting exposed early to creative life is a terrific way to spend time and a much better childhood than most."

He slowly drifted from acting to directing. After service in World War II, he founded an off-Broadway

group and directed summer stock. He set up the drama department of the High School for the Performing Arts in New York, the locale of the *Fame* series, and taught there for the department's first two years.

He has never seen any of the television episodes of *Fame*, "but I saw the movie, and it caught the atmosphere of the school very well. It's a marvellous school, and its graduate list is enormously impressive."

He joined CBS in the great days of live television drama, and directed some 250 plays over a period of 10 years. Then, in 1957, Henry Fonda chose him to direct his first feature film, *Twelve Angry Men*. The switch to the big screen was easy: "We're all so arrogant when we're young. It seemed absolutely normal to me."

Of Fonda, he says: "He was one of the most extraordinary men and actors we've had in our lifetime. He was incapable of anything forced or untrue." Daughter Jane, adds Lumet, is "sensational, thrilling."

LUMET never moved to Hollywood, and none of his films were made there. "Sure, I was offered films out there, but never with a script I wanted to do. At one time, I was very interested in doing *Funny Girl* with Streisand, but that didn't work out, and I haven't been tempted since. Incidentally, I thought her *Yentl* was marvellous."

"I've lived in New York all my life. It's the most exciting city in the world. The level of work that's going on there is extraordinary, in all the arts. There's marvellous painting, sensational ballet, great music, and actors who are so brilliant, it's blinding."

"Cities hit that kind of thing now and then. They have a good 25 years or so. New York's been that way for the past 30 years. Will it end? It's hard to know. These cycles tend not to last long."

What about the violence, the dirt, the muggings? "The same thing was true of Florence in the 15th century," Lumet shrugs, "and in London in Shakespeare's time. It's unfortunate, but not very important."

Lumet has been described as "the pre-eminent delineator of New York City life on the screen." His urban trilogy on crime and punishment (or the lack thereof) marks a high point in his career: *Serpico*, *Dog Day Afternoon*, and *Prince of the City* developed from "a fairly straightforward story into finally something very complex, which is the thing that interests me most."

"They moved from a simple depiction of good and evil in terms of black and white, to a grey area. It's convenient and easy to portray life in black and white terms, but all of our experience tells us it isn't like that. *Serpico*, was a wonderful portrait of a rebel, and most rebels are fairly easy to define."

"That's why I was delighted when Al Pacino, an enormously eruptive and volatile talent, wanted to do it. But for *Prince of the City*, I chose Treat Williams, an unknown but brilliant actor, because it was important for that character that it not be played by a star."

"It's a movie about ambivalence, the true story of a New York narcotics detective who agrees to help uncover corruption among his colleagues. Our own judgment is involved in deciding whether his actions were heroic or not. If you choose a star for that, you've already tipped the scale on the side of the heroic, because a star is a hero."

"*Serpico* is the story of a hero, and I wanted a star. But in *Prince of the City*, which cost twice as much as *Serpico*, I didn't want the audience to have a hero or a villain, but to

wisely with the problem. I felt very ambivalent about the character and the situation. I think, finally, for me his actions were heroic, but I only came to that conclusion when I saw the finished film."

LUMET's forte is his gift for directing actors. He looks first for talent, then "technique, vulnerability, and creative curiosity on their part, wanting to push themselves in new areas." The list of fine actors in his films ranges from Katharine Hepburn and Rod Steiger to Michael Caine, Sean Connery, Richard Burton and Paul Newman.

Of Newman, his star in *The Verdict*, he says: "He's incredibly interesting, because he's basically a character actor who happens to be so incredibly beautiful that he keeps being put in leading men's parts, which don't require nearly one-quarter of what he's got to offer. The result - and he's one of the first to admit it - is that so often he has worked with just the smallest part of him being really creative. All of his really fine performances - *Hud*, *The Sting*, *The Verdict* - are character parts."

Lumet lives what he calls "a typical New Yorker's life, a lot of quiet, good reading, listening to music, a lot of friends and a lot of happiness." His wife is not in the film business and his two children, aged 17 and 19, "are not interested in movies at all, which doesn't bother me a bit."

He has taken many prizes at the Cannes, Venice and other film festivals, and has been nominated "a lot" for Oscars, but has never won one. How does he keep going in filmdom's rat-race? "It's largely luck, and the luck has to keep happening. You need a successful film every few films to keep going. Whenever I have a hit movie, I figure that entitles me to three flops."

"You have to know when to say 'no.' Creative people have two primary doubts: first, that I'm not very good, and second, that they're going to find that out, and every time you say 'no,' you've lost another opportunity, and God knows when it'll come again, so it's scary."

Despite his brilliant track record, "it can still be difficult to get backers, because they're often practical men with their own ideas of what works commercially. If your subject falls within that ballpark, it's not difficult to get financing, but if it falls outside, then it is."

"Fortunately, there are enough good actors who are also stars, so that these days you don't have to compromise on talent any more. But you must never compromise on the subject, because then you haven't got anything left, and it's not worth doing."

He has made very few comedies, "because I'm not very talented at it." Jewish seriousness? "No, I think Jews are mostly very funny people." His first comedy was *Bye Bye Braverman*, which he describes as "a delightful movie and a failure, which has had a very long life and its own coterie of fans despite being a failure."

His latest film, *Garbo Talks*, starring Anne Bancroft, is another comedy and a sort of relief from *Daniel*, "because it's very hard to keep going on a certain level of intensity, so you take your vacation on film."

Sidney Lumet turned 60 last June. Has he accomplished what he set out to do? "There's always a certain discontent, something more you want to do. I have two projects now, both outside the usual movie fare and both will be difficult to find financing for. But I'm hoping. You know the perennial thing: over the mountain, there's always another mountain."

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POST PULL OUT GUIDE

The Poster

THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS - By Neil Simon. Habimah production. Comedy and cynicism in the memoirs of Brooklyn in 1937. (Jerusalem Theatre, tomorrow through Wednesday at 8.30 p.m., Wednesday with simultaneous English translation)

SHE WASN'T HERE - A woman's past memories become her present reality. (Pargod, Tuesday at 9.30 p.m.)

"SHEEN" - The passion and struggles of 3 satirical workers. (Pargod, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

ALL MY SONS EXCEPT NAOMI or **THE SHORES OF SWITZERLAND** - Beit Leisvin production. A satire on Israeli society. (Beit Leisvin, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

AMERICAN BUFFALO - By David Mamet. Beit Leisvin production. A portrait of people living on the borderline of the underworld. (Beit Leisvin, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

BEHIND THE FENCE - By Chaim Nachum Bulkin. A musical love story produced by Habimah. (Habimah, Large Hall, tomorrow at 8.30 and 9.30 p.m., Sunday, Wednesday, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

CLOSED CIRCLE - by Y. Mundi. (Old Jaffa, Habimah, tonight at 10 p.m.)

CRAZY SPOILING - Habimah production. A comedy about a lonely man in Paris. (Old Jaffa, Habimah, tomorrow at 10 p.m.)

THE ELEPHANT MAN - Beersheba Municipal Theatre production. Based on a true story published by the protagonist's doctor in London in 1923. (Habimah, Small Hall, Tuesday through Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

EDMOND KEAN - Beit Leisvin production. With Yossi Banai portraying the character of the 19th century British actor. (Beit Leisvin, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE FALL - By Albert Camus. Habimah production. The rise and fall of a Parisian

lawyer. (Old Jaffa, Habimah, Monday at 9 p.m.)

GLENGARRY GLEN ROSS - By David Mamet. Habimah production. About the business world in America. (Habimah, Small Hall, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

THE INTELLECTUAL, THE WHORE AND THE CLOWN - Mini musical. Habimah production. (Old Jaffa, Habimah, tonight at midnight)

INTIMACY - By Sartre. Habimah production. Two women friends and their complicated relations with men. (Old Jaffa, Habimah, tomorrow at 8.45 p.m.)

JOHNNY GOT HIS GUN - By Dalton Trumbo. Travia production. About a 20-year-old U.S. soldier who returns home wounded during W.W.I. (Givatim, Travia, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)

THE KREUTZER SONATA - By Tolstoy. Beit Leisvin production. A study of sex and jealousy. (Beit Leisvin, Upper Cellar, tomorrow, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

MARGINAL CASE - Imaginary meeting between Golda Meir and Raymond Chandler. (Travia, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

PASADOLA - Israeli play about a crazy night in a couple's life. Travia production. (Travia, Monday at 9 p.m.)

SATAN IN MOSCOW - By Mikhail Bulgakov. Beersheba Municipal Theatre production. A satire. (Habimah, Small Hall, Sunday, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

TORCH SONG TRILOGY - Beit Leisvin production. Fight of a Jewish-American homosexual to live his own life in his own way. (Beit Leisvin, tonight at 9 p.m., tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

GHETTO - Haifa Municipal Theatre production. About a theatre group in the Vilna Ghetto. (Haifa Theatre, Sunday at 11 a.m., 8.30 p.m.)

THE TROJAN WAR WILL NOT TAKE PLACE - By Jean Giraudoux. Haifa Municipal Theatre production. Why do wars break out? (Haifa Theatre, tomorrow, Tuesday through Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

ADVENTURES IN JAZZ - With well-known musicians. (Pargod, today at 1.30 p.m., Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)

THE BEST OF SHALOM ALEICHEM - Stories by the famous Yiddish writer, performed in English. (Hilton, tonight at 9.30 p.m., King David, tomorrow at 9.30 p.m.)

GUITAR HAPPENING - With Beldi Olier and Friends. Spanish and gypsy music. (Yemin Moche, Zionist Confederation House, Atlat Dror St., off Emil Bofra, Monday at 9 p.m.)

JAZZ MARATHON - All-night programme with Israel's best jazz performers. (Jerusalem Theatre, Thursday from 7 p.m.)

JAZZ - Freddie Weigand, piano; Eric Heller, bass; Saul Ghadstone, trumpet. (American Colony Hotel, Nahlas Rd., Thursday at 9 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAYE MALKA - Moshe Shur and Friends. (Israel Center, 10 Straus, tomorrow at 8.30 p.m.)

MUSICAL MELAYE MALKA - With new Diaspora Yeshiva Band. (Mt. Zion Centre, tomorrow at 9.00 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

BETWEEN BELLS - Musical about a school. (Beit Leisvin, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

DON AND QUARTET - Folk songs with The Doolin and The Parvatin. (Old Jaffa, El Hamam, tonight at 9.45 p.m., tomorrow at 10 p.m.)

ILAVA ALBERSTEIN - New programme. (Travia, tonight at 10 p.m. and midnight)

JAZZ - Danny Gottfried, piano; Albert Piamera, flute, clarinet; Teddy Kling, cello, contrabass. (Cafe Pitz, 84 Hayarkon, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

JAZZ MARATHON - See Jerusalem. (Beit Leisvin, Upper Cellar, Sunday from 9 p.m.)

THE MAGICAL TRIO - Jazz with Michael Greenblatt, fl. Dibra, Zippor Bat-Yehuda (Dan Hotel, Monday at 8 p.m.)

MUSICAL MEETING - New variations of old songs. (Beit Leisvin, Upper Cellar, tonight at 11 p.m.)

SATIRE AND HUMOUR - With top comedians. (Travia, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

SONGS OF ERETZ ISRAEL - With Nahum Heiman and guests. (ZOA House, 1 Frich, Thursday at 9.30 p.m.)

YEHUDIT RAVITZ - Sings her songs. (Tel Aviv Museum, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

Haifa

JAZZ MARATHON - See Jerusalem. (Beit Abba Khoushy, tonight from 9 p.m.)

THE MOUTH RUNS AWAY - Satire and entertainment with Dudi Topaz. (Shavit, tonight at 10 p.m.; Karyat Haim, Beit Haim, tomorrow at 9 p.m.)



Eli Mogen and Nurit Galron are two of the jazz performers participating in jazz marathons around the country.



MUSIC

All programmes start at 8.30 p.m., unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

BIRTHDAY CONCERT - In honour of Bach and Handel. With harpsichord, violin, flute, cello. (Travia, tomorrow at 11.11 a.m.)

IROLON CHAMBER ORCHESTRA - Conductor Stanley Sperber. Opera excerpts from Mozart to Verdi. Israeli opera by Alexander Shteynberg. (Khan, tomorrow)

THE ISRAELI PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA - Conductor Christoph Eschenbach. Soloist Michael Hatan, cello. Works by N. Sherif, Schumann, Mendelssohn. (Binayoni Hanna, Sunday)

ETWANTA SERIES - Annie Schnarch, violin; Galina Zumb, piano. Works by Handel, J. Dofman, Prokofiev, Szymanowski. (YMCA, Thursday at 4.30 p.m.)

THE JERUSALEM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA - Conductor Ulf Schimidt. Soloist Natascha Tashen, piano. Works by Lishtakovsky. (Hannuchi Hanna, Thursday)

Tel Aviv area

CLASSICAL AND JAZZ - Well known classical musicians in jazz traditions of works by Beethoven, Poulenc, Bach, Boling. (Travia, tomorrow at 11.11 a.m.)

BERKELEA DUD - Sara Fuxon-Harmon. Bert Bernson, piano. Works by Schubert, Ysaie, Mar-Haim, Ravel, Pict. (Tel Aviv Museum, tomorrow)

THE ISRAELI PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA - See Jerusalem. (Mann Auditorium, tomorrow, Monday through Wednesday)

SCHUMANN EVENING - Victor Desvelinko and Prima Salzman, piano; Yair Klei, violin; Gad Levorin, viola. Zvi Harel, cello. (Tel Aviv Museum, Tuesday at 8 p.m.)

FOR CHILDREN & YOUTH

Jerusalem

AN ADVENTURE IN JERUSALEM - Puppet theatre for all ages. (Train Theatre, Liberty Bell Garden, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m., Thursday at 4.30 p.m.)

I, BRUNHILDE THE WITCH - Musical theatre for ages 7-12. (Khan, today at 2 p.m.)

THE JERUSALEM BIBLICAL ZOO - Guided tours in English and Hebrew. Adults welcome. (Biblical Zoo, Sunday, Wednesday at 2 p.m.)

PIECES WE LOVE - Arieh Vardi, piano. Works by Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin. (Israel Museum, Tuesday at 4.15 p.m.)

SNOW WHITE - Puppet theatre for age 3 and above. (Train Theatre, Monday at 4.30 p.m.)

STORY-TELLING HOUR - For ages 4-6. (Israel Museum, Tuesday at 4 p.m.)

Tel Aviv area

I, BRUNHILDE THE WITCH - (Old Jaffa, Habimah, tomorrow at 12.30 p.m.)

SONGS AND STORIES THAT I LOVED - Moti Barkan in a presentation of song, sound and theatre. For ages 5-12. (Beit Leisvin, Upper Cellar, tomorrow at 11.30 a.m.)

UZI AND CHOMPI - Songs and games from the TV series. (Old Jaffa, Habimah, tomorrow at 11 a.m.)

WALKING TOURS

(In English)

Jerusalem

Sunday and Tuesday at 9.30 a.m. - Jewish sites. Cardo, Western Wall excavations. Sunday at 2 p.m. - The Jewish Quarter and Mt. Zion.

Monday at 9.30 a.m. - The Canaanite and Israeli period in Jerusalem.

Monday, Wednesday, Thursday at 11 a.m. - Archaeology in the Jewish Quarter: Yehoshua Tower, Cardo, Burnt House (2 hours).

Monday at 2 p.m. - Sites of special Christian interest (2 hours).

Thursday at 9.30 a.m. - The Mt. of Olives in Jewish, Christian and Muslim belief.

Tours start from Chitral Courtyard next to Jaffa Gate and last 3-3.5 hours (unless otherwise stated). Tickets on the spot.

Archaeological Tours

Daily at 11.30 a.m., Friday at 9.30 a.m. - Jewish Quarter Burnt House, Cardo. Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday at 8.45 a.m., Monday at 2 p.m. - Excavations below Temple Mount.

Sunday, Wednesday at 2 p.m. - City of David, Area "G", Hezekiah's Tunnel, Pool of Silwan. Monday, Wednesday at 8.45 a.m. - Temple Mount, Dome of the Rock.

Tuesday, Thursday at 2 p.m. - Christian and Muslim Quarters.

Tours last approximately 2 hours. Meet at Cardo information booth, Jewish Quarter.

Other towns

Haifa

"Sabbath Morning Walk" - Tomorrow at 10.00 a.m. 60-1.00 p.m. from Pinaroma Rd. Organized by the Haifa Tourism Development Ass., includes museums, Baba's Shrine and gardens and others.

Safed

Daily expeditions to old Jewish Quarter of Safed, synagogues, War of Independence landmarks, cemetery. Tel. 067.30148

Material for publication must be at *The Jerusalem Post* offices in Jerusalem (its website) on the Sunday morning of the week of publication.

JERUSALEM Cinemas

CINEMA 1 ONU'O in Jerusalem Cinema

8th week
BEYOND THE WALLS
 Sat. 7.9
 Weekdays 4.7.9

9th week
LA TRAVIATA
 Sat. 7.15.9.15
 Weekdays 7.9

SMALL AUDITORIUM BINYENI HA'UMA
2nd week
CROSS CREEK
 Sat. and weekdays 7.9.15
 Tickets: 15000 (matinee), 151,000 (evening)

TEL AVIV Cinemas

ALLENBY

NINJA III
 Sat. 7.15.9.15
 Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

BEN-YEHUDA
WOMAN IN RED
 Tonight 10.12
 Sat. 7.15.9.30
 Weekdays 1.30.7.15.9.30

BETH HATEFUTSOH

JAZZ SINGER
 Thurs. 8.30

THE BOAT IS FULL

CHEN CINEMA CENTRE
 Advance ticket sales only at box office from 10 a.m.

CHEN 1

SPLASH
 Fri. 9.40 p.m., 12.20 p.m.
 Sat. 7.20.9.45
 Weekdays 4.45.7.20.9.45

CHEN 2

REUVEN REUVEN
 Tonight 10.12.15
 Sat. 7.20.9.40
 Weekdays 4.45.7.20.9.40

CHEN 3

ROMANCING THE STONE
 Fri. 9.50.12.15
 Sat. 7.20.9.45
 Weekdays 4.45.7.15.9.35

CHEN 4

THE BIG CHILL
 Tonight 10.12.15
 Sat. 7.25.9.40
 Weekdays 10.30.1.30.5.7.25.9.40

CHEN 5

POLICE ACADEMY
 Tonight 10.12.15
 Sat. 7.25.9.40
 Weekdays 10.30.1.30.5.7.25.9.40

CINEMA ONE

FLYING HIGH
 Fri. 10 p.m.
 Sat. 7.9.30
 Weekdays 4.20.7.9.30

CINEMA TWO FORCED WITNESS

CLASS 86 Allenby Rd.
AGAINST ALL ODDS
 Tonight 10
 Sat. 7.15.9.30
 Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

DEKEL

THE SURVIVORS
 Sat. and weekdays 7.10.9.30

DRIVE-IN

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS
 Sat. and weekdays 5.30

STREETS OF FIRE

ESTHER Tel. 225610
 3rd week
L'ADDITION
 Sat. 7.15.9.30
 Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

GAT

GREYSTOKE
 6th week
 Sat. 7.9.30
 Weekdays 4.30.7.9.30

GORDON

THE HERD
 A new film by the director of '1st'
 Sat. 7.10.9.30
 Weekdays 4.40.7.10.9.30

HOD

TOP SECRET
 Fri. 10 p.m.
 Sat. 7.15.9.30
 Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

INSTITUT FRANCAIS

LE PAYS BLEU
 In presence of film director JEAN CHARLES TACCHIELLA
 Sat. 7.30

LEVI

BEYOND THE WALLS
 Tonight 9.30.11.30
 Sat. 7.15.9.30
 Weekdays 1.45.4.45.7.15.9.30

LEVII

DUTY FREE MARRIAGE
 Tonight 9.30.11.30
 Sat. 7.30.9.30
 Weekdays 1.45.5.45.7.30.9.40

LIMOR

ROSEMARY'S BABY
 Tonight 9.30.11.30
 Sat. 7.15.9.30
 Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

MAXIM

L'AVARE de Molière
 (The Miser by Molière)
 Sat. 7.9.15
 Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

MOGRABI

OSTERMAN WEEKEND
 Sat. 7.15.9.30
 Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

ORLY

FUNNY PEOPLE II
 Sat. 7.15.9.30
 Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30
 Fri. 11 a.m.

PARIS

LA FEMME D'ACOTÉ
 Today 12 noon: 10.12 Midnight
 Sat. 7.15.9.30
 Weekdays 12.2.4.7.15.9.30

PEER

ANOTHER TIME ANOTHER PLACE
 Sat. 7.15.9.30
 Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

SHAHAF

MARIA'S LOVERS
 Fri. 10 p.m., midnight
 Sat. 7.15.9.30
 Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

STUDIO

DANIEL
 Sat. 7.15.9.30
 Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

TAMUZ

ZIGZAG STORY
 32nd week
 Sat. 7.15.9.30
 Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

TEL AVIV

CONAN THE DESTROYER
 Tonight 10 p.m.
 Sat. 7.15.9.30
 Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

TEL AVIV MUSEUM

SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY
 Sun. Thurs. 7.30.9.30
 Weekdays 5.7.30.9.30

ZAFON

PARIS-TEXAS
 Tonight 10
 Sat. 6.45.9.30
 Weekdays 4.6.45.9.30

HAIFA Cinemas

AMPHITHEATRE
 * MICHAEL KEATON
 * TERRY GAR
 in a wonderful comedy
MR. MOM
 Sat. 7.9.15
 Weekdays 4.6.45.9

ARMON

ROMANCING THE STONE
 * KATHLEEN CURNER
 * MICHAEL DOUGLAS
 Sat. 7.9.15
 Weekdays 4.6.45.9

ATZMON

CANNONBALL RUN II
 Sat. 7.9.15
 Weekdays 4.6.45.9

CHEN

SPLASH
 Sat. 7.9.15
 Weekdays 4.6.45.9

MORIAH

BRAIN STORM
 Thursday - midnight show

ORAH

OSTERMAN WEEKEND
 Sat. 7.9.15
 Weekdays 4.6.45.9

ORLY

LA TRAVIATA
 Music by Verdi
 Produced by Zeffirelli
 * TERESA STRATTON
 * PLACIDO DOMINGO
 Sat. 7.9.15
 Weekdays 4.6.45.9

PEER

BEYOND THE WALLS
 An Uri Barabash and Rudi Cohen film with Amnon Tzadok and Muhammad Bakri
 Sat. 7.9.15
 Weekdays 4.6.45.9

RON

TOP SECRET
 Sat. 7.9
 Weekdays 4.6.45.9

SHAVIT

PARIS-TEXAS
 Sat. and weekdays 6.30.9.15

RAMAT GAN Cinemas

ARMON
 6th week
BEYOND THE WALLS
 Tonight 10 p.m.
 Sat. 7.15.9.30
 Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

LILY

WOMAN IN RED
 Tonight 10
 Sat. and weekdays 7.15.9.30

OASIS

SPLASH
 Tonight 10 p.m.
 Sat. 7.15.9.30
 Weekdays 4.30.7.15.9.30

ATZMAUT

FORCED WITNESS
 Sat. and weekdays 7.15.9.30
 Mat. 4.30: STAR TREK III

ATZMAUT

FORCED WITNESS
 Sat. and weekdays 7.15.9.30
 Mat. 4.30: STAR TREK III

ATZMAUT

FORCED WITNESS
 Sat. and weekdays 7.15.9.30
 Mat. 4.30: STAR TREK III

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 Mat. 4.30: STAR TREK III

ATZMAUT

FORCED WITNESS
 Sat. and weekdays 7.15.9.30
 Mat. 4.30: STAR TREK III

This Week in Israel-Th

JERUSALEM SHOPPING



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 Well known all over the world
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 • Cardo Old City
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 Tel Aviv:
 • 4 Nirim St.
 Tel. 03-333646

GIVE SOLDIERS LIFTS

An artist in suburbia

NO DOUBT Reuben Reuben is first and foremost a showcase for the outstanding talents of British actor Tom Conti. This is the kind of opportunity he was bound to get sooner or later, after his remarkable performances on stage and television, and he makes the most of it. If in *Merry Christmas Mr. Lawrence* he was excellent but had to play the straight man to David Bowie and Ryuichi Sakamoto, here there is no one in sight to compete with his acting. As Gowan McGlind, the dissipated, alcoholic, lecherous, rumpled Welsh poet who survives by lecturing about his own poetry at ladies' tea parties in American suburbia, he is a marvel to watch, funny, pathetic, cynical and desperate, all at the same time.

Peter de Vries, who wrote the original novel, was clearly inspired by such live examples as Dylan Thomas and Brendan Behan; the novel was then turned into a play, and veteran scriptwriter Julius Epstein concocted from it all a literate, verbose screenplay, which stops short of tragedy on the one hand and satire on the other, and limits itself to intelligent entertainment.

The whole attitude is too good-natured, even in its nastier moments, to really bother anybody; and the short-lived romance between the poet and a typical American beauty is clearly misplaced from the start, so you don't feel too awkward when it doesn't work out.

Of course, all sorts of further reflections could have been suggested; the artist as an irresponsible infant in a society of uncompromising adults, or the artist as a human being in a society of automatic conformism, and so on. Neither the script nor the faithful direction of Robert Ellis Miller, who is always at the right place to catch Conti in his



Conti in "Reuben, Reuben."

CINEMA Dan Fainaru

best moments, seem too willing to go into all that. But, to be fair, Conti himself offers more than full value for your money. So why be too demanding?

AFTER several years of inactivity, Sam Peckinpah, the grand master of stylized violence, is back behind the camera with a paranoid item that would make Kafka look like a well-adjusted personality. Using the Robert Ludlum novel *The Osterman Weekend*, Peckinpah spins a tale in which everybody manipulates every-

body else; if it is taken seriously, one might even suspect that the ending suggests it is all a vicious circle and maybe the machines are to blame.

A CIA agent whose wife was murdered several years ago pretends he has uncovered a spy ring operating in the U.S. He convinces his CIA chiefs to set a trap for the villains, using as his decoy a popular and caustic TV personality.

The suspects are all invited to the decoy's home, which has been wired all over with closed-circuit TV; through clever hints they are to be tricked into revealing themselves before the cameras. This is not so simple, for it soon appears that nobody is really in control and violence breaks out in all its fierceness by the second half of the picture. But even that won't solve the riddle for the audience, who are supposed to unravel the puzzle at home.

If they don't succeed, the reason is very simple. Being manipulated, all the characters here have the profound personalities of puppets - whether they love or hate each other, whether they take drugs or sell information, is irrelevant, for they don't have an existence of their own and just do what the script tells them to, and to hell with the rest.

Of course, it is always possible to discuss the perfect timing and choreography of mayhem, but that is Peckinpah's trademark and as such not very surprising. Rutter Hauer was much more interesting as an android in *Blade Runner* than he is here as a TV star, John Hurt, as a CIA agent, seems to have lost his way in this film. And Burt Lancaster should be more careful picking his guest performances.

Still, for those who enjoy quizzes, riddles and such, this may be the right stuff. Who knows?

FILMS IN BRIEF

L'ADDITION - Typical prison film about the innocent having to face the gruesome facts of life behind bars. This film deals with a Kafkaesque legal process which can turn anyone into a hapless victim, but the film is not totally successful.

AGAINST ALL ODDS - Remake of a film called "Out of the Past." This version portrays a love triangle in which an American football star falls in love with a woman involved with a night-club owner. The characters, being insufficiently interesting, make for a film of little substance.

ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER PLACE - British film directed by Michael Radford. Set in 1944, it shows what happens when Italian prisoners-of-war come to work in an isolated farming community in Scotland. A good film, unsuspicious of British cinema with its sympathy for the cross-currents of Italian and Scottish attitudes.

BEYOND THE WALLS - Israeli director Uri Barabash deals with the complex relationships between Jews and Arabs in a maximum-security prison. A very good film, winner of the Critics' Prize in Venice.

THE BOAT IS FULL - Markus Imhoof's film about a group of refugees which manages to give the border from Germany to Switzerland during World War II, is an overwhelming experience, unsuspected in a low key.

DR. NO - Sean Connery as James Bond in Ian Fleming's caper in which Bond investigates events in Jamaica, where he meets master-friend Dr. No.

FLYING HIGH - "Airport" never looked like this. A mad send-up of everything serious Hollywood ever produced commences from an incident. Rejected by practically everyone to show the turn for help, we are presented with a society as the victim of criminals.

FORCED WITNESS - Israeli film about a woman who is the sole witness of a rape incident. Rejected by practically everyone to show the turn for help, we are presented with a society as the victim of criminals.

FUNNY PEOPLE II - A new collection of candid camera sequences by South African filmmaker Jamie Uys.

GREYSTOKE, LEGEND OF TARZAN KING OF THE APES - There is little romanticizing here about Tarzan's childhood in the African jungle. We also see the hero proceeding to be the hero of Lord Greystoke, brilliantly played by Sir Ralph Richardson in his last role. Much visual splendour, and pleasant entertainment if you're not squeamish.

THE HERD - Award-winning film written by the screenwriter of "Vol." A tragedy, taking place in Turkey, about the marriage of a shepherd and his wife from a rival family. A rough, gritty film that can't be described as enjoyable.

I LOVE YOU CARMEN - Directed by Carlos Saura, based on the opera, with music by Bizet. Skillful sympathetic camera-work makes this film good entertainment.

THE JAZZ SINGER - New version of the first talkie, this time in the '70s with Neil Diamond in the title role. Laurence Olivier, starting as a cantor, seems to get carried away with the overacting tradition of Yiddish melodrama.

LA TRAVIATA - Director Franco Zeffirelli remains faithful to the spirit of Verdi's famous, larger-than-life, kitsch opera, and makes it work as a film. Starring Teresa Stratas and Placido Domingo in the lead roles.

MISKOW ON THE HUDSON - A very comedy directed by Paul Mazursky. Robin Williams plays the role of Vladimir Vastoff, a gentle Russian survivor who decides to defect during a visit to Bloomberg's department store in New York City.

OCTOPUSSY - Lots of girls, hot cars, and fancy locations in the latest Bond film. Recommended for a couple of hours of sheer escapism.

ON A CLEAR DAY YOU CAN SEE DAMASCUS - New Israeli film about Uri Simon, a kibbutz man from the north, who is given a long sentence after being charged with spying for Syria. After his arrest, the lives of his friends

change, and some of them become pawns in a much larger game.

PARISTENES - A sensitive portrayal of a man who drops out of normal life and has to piece his existence together again when he is accidentally returned to society. Excellent film by Wim Wenders.

POLICE ACADEMY - About a liberal lady mayor who opens the doors of the force to anyone who wishes to join. This film has a bit of many things - sex, violence, racist nuances, slapstick, satire and more. But they all add up to no great film.

RETURN OF MARTIN GUERRE - Set in a remote French 19th-century village. Constructed as a thriller, the audience is invited to guess who the real Martin Guerre is, and questions of ethics, morality and truth are raised. This film is a rewarding experience.

ROMANCING THE STONE - A romantic, early adventure of a young New York writer who goes to the jungles of Colombia to save her kidnapped sister. Lots of adventure, action and danger, but at least the film doesn't take itself too seriously.

SPLASH - Walt Disney comedy about an idyllic romance between a young man and a mermaid. Innocent, enjoyable entertainment.

A SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY - Tale of one sad, revealing moment in the dwindling life of Monna Lisa, a moderately successful and thoroughly unattractive artist. French director Bertrand Tavernier turns an outwardly banal day into a moving examination of a man's search for his past.

TOP SECRET - About the efforts to return a famous scientist who has been captured by the East Germans. A moving, light entertainment, certainly nothing more.

ZIGZAG STORY - A very, French situation comedy about three friends, a colour-blind artist, a photographer of nude models, and a radio announcer. Very enjoyable.

Some of the films listed are restricted to adult audiences. Please check with the cinema.

USUALLY in this column, one can expect to read all about how I eat all kinds of wonderful dishes. This week, I am afraid, I'm going to have to eat my words.

The reason for my shame is a news story which I wrote last week, in which I cast doubt upon the medals won by the Israeli national team of chefs at the International Culinary Olympics in Frankfurt recently. Their medals, I implied, had been given to them simply because they participated in the event.

In fact, together with a number of other national teams, they reached fifth place. One reason for the mistake was the fact that in previous competitions, all the national teams received a medal. This year, the judges decided to be more selective.

That the Israelis received recognition is indeed extraordinary. For most countries, the national tourist authorities recognize that any honor won by their chefs casts glow upon the country and are only too willing to back their representative. In Israel, the team, led and selected

The price of glory

MATTERS OF TASTE/Haim Shapiro

by Avigdor Bruhn, president of the Israel Circle of Chefs, had literally to go begging for funds. Since all those who went are hotel chefs, their hotels paid the air fare, but the chefs still had to find backing for the materials and ingredients used.

Once in Frankfurt, they found themselves facing teams which had, like themselves, five chefs, but which came with back-up squads of up to 20 members. Some countries spent literally hundreds of thousands of dollars. The Israelis had a total budget of \$1,500.

They were lucky, however, in having as their liaison a woman who for many years had served as the secretary of the German chefs' association and who made their way through the

ins and outs of the contest far easier. But even she could not change the fact that to prepare the required assortment of cold platters and two hot main courses for the competition they had exactly a day and a half in a municipal kitchen.

It is interesting to note that the team had submitted recipes for eight dishes, of which two were to be prepared by the team and served in a local restaurant as main courses. The judges chose the two dishes which cost the least and sold for about eight marks apiece, or under ISL 400.

THE ISRAELIS prepared Cornish hens, glazed in honey and served with a Sabra sauce and St. Peter Hagail, in which the filleted Kin-

neret fish are served with a salmon mousse. Neither is exactly an easy dish, but both could be made at home by the determined amateur. The recipes are for four portions.

For the chicken, remove the backbone from four Cornish hens and open them up like butterflies, pounding them with the flat edge of a large knife to flatten them. A day before they are to be served, put them in a marinade made up of a glass of white wine, a glass of Sabra Liqueur, two bay leaves, a sliced carrot, a sliced onion, salt, pepper and a little shredded or ground ginger.

Remove the chicken from the marinade and boil down the marinade (with the vegetables) together with a glass of concentrated meat stock. The amateur will probably have to use broth from a cube, which is far less good, but will do.

Meanwhile, dry the chicken and pan fry it in a little oil on both sides. Then brush it with honey and put it in a hot oven for 10 minutes. Serve with the strained sauce. The chefs

served the Cornish hen with blanched and stir-fried strips of carrot, squash and red and white cabbage, arranged to form a nest, with three tiny potatoes inside.

For the fish dish, marinate eight fillets of St. Peter's fish in salt, pepper, lemon juice and parsley for a few hours. Meanwhile, cut 80 gm of frozen filleted salmon into small cubes and blend well in a blender or food processor with a tablespoon of heavy cream.

Arrange the fish on a baking dish with two fillets overlapping at an angle, piping a little of the salmon mixture at the point where they join. Pour a little white wine in the pan and bake for 10 minutes in a hot oven.

Meanwhile, prepare a sauce by boiling down separately two cups of fish broth and 100 gm. of heavy cream. When both are thick, blend them and add a teaspoon each of chopped chives and dill. The Israeli team served the fish with fingers of cooked carrot, squash, turnip and small potatoes in butter.

Going it alone



Yossi Banai



Geraldine McEwan

THEATRE

Uri Rapp

THE LONELY actor on the stage, with no one to exchange looks and speeches with, has a more difficult but in some respects an easier task than a member of a cast. His only partner is the audience, as Yossi Banai observed in a television interview; but this partner, though more responsive to the actor facing it directly than in passive observation of a plot unfolding as if the audience was not there, is a dangerous temptation for the serious actor. The direct address always (well, almost always) encourages the kind of mannerisms which are the hallmark of the cabaret performer. For he quite legitimately carries favour with his audience since he converses with it, and has to attempt to make it like the contents of his "one-man stand."

This is dangerous, so that very few important works for single actors have been written by real dramatists (except Samuel Beckett of course). On two recent occasions good actors appeared in "monodramas," and clearly demonstrated the advantages and pitfalls for the actor with an audience as single partner. After watching them I have come to have an even greater respect for genuine dialogue.

Yossi Banai is one of the best actors on the Israeli stage today, and several of his performances stay vividly in the memory. But they are from years back. Yet even when he turned to light entertainment, he never lost his feeling for the art of the stage, and almost never descended to vulgarity and coarseness; he remained a pillar of good taste for a popular audience much corrupted by other actors. He must now be hugely enjoying himself playing the part of another actor, and a most spectacular one. Edmund Keen (1787-1837) was the prototype of the romantic actor, and as theatrical in his life as on the stage. Mendel Kohnsky provides an interesting account of his life in his posthumous book, *The Disreputable Profession*, in a chapter with the apt title, "The Demoniac Actor."

If one accepts the judgment of critics of that period - some of them great writers and knowledgeable theatre-goers - he must have been a great actor. Sometimes one gets the impression that the critic of a Keen performance has just been put through a wringer. He was "a consummate master of passionate expression," violent, impulsive, extravagant, but lacking grace, grandeur, and subtlety of characterization. He provided London, Paris and New York with a new conception of Shakespeare, but not a durable one. His acting was uneven, he was prone to temperamental outbursts, to sulking and depression. His life, also, was a work of art. It was not the product of a harmonious personality; it testified rather to a torn soul, a

dissolute character, and embodied the romantic, or Byronic, aesthetic of ugliness and despair. His womanizing destroyed the reputation he had acquired, and heavy drinking destroyed his health. He lost his following quite soon, and died at an early age.

THE FASCINATION of this man for Raymond Fitzsimmons (the author of this monodrama), for Michael Gurevitz (the director), and for Yossi Banai (the actor), is obvious. Much of the criticism directed at Banai's performance - most of his colleagues did not like it - seems to ignore the fact that the hysterical ups and downs of his performance, the intense but superficial rendering of some of Shakespeare's greatest passages, may provide a true portrayal of Keen and his manner. But what

was new, and perhaps great, in the age of Byron and Victor Hugo may be difficult to accept today. I do not know if it is a necessary part of a Romantic actor's skill. Certainly, Marcel Carné, in *Les Enfants du Paradis*, seemed not to thank so Banai's shouting. Sometimes inviolable. He has also some unpleasant mannerisms acquired from cabaret work.

Banai does have his moments, and shows his abilities as a "theatre" actor. However, in his attempts at "legitimate" theatre, he trades on his huge popularity with the public. It may be that a critic shouldn't give advice to hard-working theatre people. However, it may be worth recalling that Alexandre Dumas (père), only three years after Keen's death, wrote a play about him for Frédéric Lemaître, a contemporary, and another great romantic actor. A hundred years later this play was adapted by Jean-Paul Sartre. The Dumas and the Sartre plays deserve local productions; they are less "historical" than the Fitzsimmons monodrama but stronger in dialogue and ideas. To address the audience directly is best left to such playwrights as Brecht or Beckett, or Hanoch Levin.

GERALDINE McEWAN is also alone on the stage in *Two Inches of Ivory*, a reading of excerpts from Jane Austen's novels. Her performance at the Cottesloe - the small hall of the London National Theatre - was brought to Israel by the British Council. McEwan is an important actress, with several impressive achievements. It is always a pleasure to observe such perfect technique and power over the audience, though the performance lacks versatility.

A few months back I saw Geraldine McEwan as Mrs. Malaprop in Sheridan's *The Rivals*, in London, and admired her very individual interpretation of the role. Her versions of Jane Austen have the same tongue-in-cheek sweetness, the same ingratiating manner spiced with a hidden sarcasm. The conjunction of actress and writer embodies some excellent English characteristics, but not in the best way. McEwan is very good in dialogues - she plays both parts - from *Pride and Prejudice*, *Mansfield Park*, and *Emma*. The episodes she chooses are both amusing and satirical. The descriptive parts from *Persuasion*, for example, are weaker, and in the end, a bit tiring. They demonstrate that Jane Austen should be read and not heard, should be slowly and patiently savoured. Moreover, the larger halls where Geraldine McEwan performed here deprive the performance of the required intimacy. Still, it is an enjoyable evening, especially if it makes one go back to Jane Austen.

BLESSED is the land that has two jazz festivals in one year. This time it's a feast of local artists in three huge programmes beginning tonight in Haifa (9 p.m. at Beit Abba Khoushy) and continuing next week in Tel Aviv (Sunday, 9 p.m. at Beit Leissin) and in Jerusalem (Thursday, 7 p.m. at the Jerusalem Theatre).

The featured artists include singer Nurit Galron, pianist Yoni Rechter in a premiere duet performance with bassist Alon Olarchik, flautist Albert Piamenta, percussionist Jerry Garval, singer Nissim Yemini, pianist Liz Mages, jazz-rockers Avi Adrian, Eli Meiri, Zami Trubelski, Shimon Marom and the bands *Sof Ha'ona* (End of the Season), *Tzili Shaken* (Neighbouring Note) and drummer Arel Kuminsky leading

Festivities

JAZZ, ETC.
Madeline L. Kind

his own quartet featuring Roman Kunzman, Danny Gottfried and Alon Olarchik. Well-known sidemen include Rami Levine, Morton Kamm, Eli Magen, Peter Wertheimer and Teddy Kling. An added feature is the Israeli Jazz Trio with singer Edna Goren, and last-minute additions may include Steve Horenstein, Amikam Kummelman, and the Space Fusion Band. Tickets for the Haifa show are available at Hataklit Records and at

the Gerber ticket agency; for the Tel Aviv gig at Beit Hataklit, the Kastel agency and at Beit Leissin, and for the Jerusalem performance at the Klatim agency, the Sapiir music shop and at the Jerusalem Theatre. Co-sponsoring the festival with ECM music rep Avshalom Firjui is Macabee Beer - which promises free brew to the audience.

AND FOLK MUSIC: The Jacob's Ladder Folk Festival folk at Kibbutz Mahanayim in Upper Galilee remind us that their next get-togethers are slated for November 30, December 28 and January 25, with monthly programmes continuing on up to the Eighth Annual Jacob's Ladder do on August 23. Musicians interested in participating are advised to contact Colin Friedman at 067-37115.

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dir. Lawrence Kasdan
Sun. at 9 pm: *The Image of the Jew in American Cinema* Lecture in English by Dr. Erik Goldman
Film: *The Jazz Singer*
Mon. at 9.30 pm: *Zazie dans le Metro*
dir. Louis Malle
Tues. at 4 pm: *Illego the Hippo*
Animated children's film
9.30 pm: a. *Opera Bouffes*
b. *Cleo de 5 a 7 dir. Agnes Varda*
Wed. at 9.30 pm: *Under the Volcano*
dir. John Huston (Preview screening)
Thurs. at 7 pm: *Yol dir. Serif Goren*
9.30 pm: *Casque d'Or*
dir. Jacques Becker
Fri. at 2 pm: *Rear Window*
dir. Alfred Hitchcock

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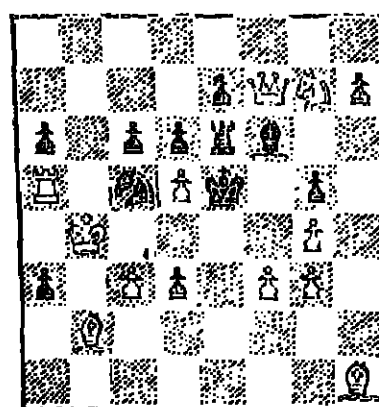
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CHESSE

Problem No. 3197
A. HIRSCHENSON, Israel
Problem, 1979



White mates in two (1-2)
SOLUTIONS: Problem No. 3195
(Talmi). Setplay: 1. Rd6, Rh6
2. Nf6, Nf6; 1. Qb3 (th. 2. Nf3; 1. ...

WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP

THE SIXTH game of the match was a vivid illustration of the impact of the tense struggle. Karpov developed an initiative on the O side and obtained complete control. As a result, Karpov made gains in the centre when one of his pawns threatened to reach the upper rank. On the 34th move, Karpov reached a completely won position, but a gross blunder on his part reversed the tide. Later Karpov had a second chance to save the game but he erred again and lost.

G. KASPAROV A. KARPON
6th game of the match
1. d4 Nf6 2. e4 c5 3. Nf3 b6 4. g3 Bb6
5. b3 Bb4 6. h4 d2 7. Bg2 O-O
8. O-O d5 9. Ne5 c6 10. Bc3 Nd7
11. Nd7 Nf7 12. Nd2 Re8 13. e5 b5
14. Re1 d6 15. b4 Nf6 16. c5 b5
17. Re1 Bb3 18. Re2 Nd4 19. Bb1 Re2
20. Qc2 Qa5 21. Qd1! Re8 22. Nf3
Ob4 23. d5 c5 24. e5 Ne3 25. Qd4!

USSR vs. REST OF THE WORLD

ON THE EVE of the 7th game, Karpov's physician insisted on postponing the game to enable Karpov to recover from his cold. For some curious reason, Karpov's

mother advised against the postponement. The result was tragic.
A. KARPON G. KASPAROV
7th game of the match
1. d4 d5 2. e4 c5 3. Nf3 e5 4. e5 d5
5. g3 Nf6 6. Bg2 Be7 7. O-O O-O
8. Ne3 Nf6 9. Bg5 e4 10. Nd4 h6
11. Be3 Re8 12. Qb3 Na5 13. Qc2 Bg4
14. Nf5 Re8 15. Ne7 Re7 16. Rad1
Qe8 17. h3 Bh5 18. Bb5 Bg6 19. Qc1
Nd5 20. Rd5 Ne1 21. Bb4 Re7 22. b3
Nf6 23. Re5 Qd7 24. Qc3 f6 25. Re5
Re5 26. Bb5 Qh3 27. Rd1 h5 28. Rd4
Nd7 29. Bb6 Bf7 30. Nd5 Bd5 31. Rd5
ab 32. Bf4 Nf8 33. Qd3 Qd4 34. Qd3 Qd3
35. Kf2 Re7 (correct was 35. ... Qd3)
36. Rd3 Kf7, with an equal position
37. Qc3! Re8 37. Qc7 h5 38. Rd8 Rd8
39. Qd8 Qf7 40. Bb6 g5 41. Qa8 Kf7,
and Black resigned. His O side
pawns are doomed.

SCRABBLE

Sam Orbaum

AN ELDERLY gentleman entered the Zahala Scrabble Club last week, claiming that he had never played a game of Scrabble in his life. The man, with the jarringly familiar name of Karl Yitzhak Marx, observed the first round of play, then, figuring that he had nothing to lose but a game, entered the fray himself.

High-bingo

Sam Orbaum

IF, FOR EXAMPLE, you are looking at a rack of AAINRTX, you should detect the makings of a bingo-potent rack; play away the AX for a good score, and you are likely to pick up an E for your game-breaking RETINA. This strategy is called rack management, and is a major difference between a good Scrabble player and a great one.

High-bingo

Sam Orbaum

THE SIX letters of RETINA form the basis for high bingo-conduciveness. Add an I as the seventh letter, and you have INERTIA. Add an M for RAIMENT or MINARET, add a W for TAWNIER or TINWARE. In fact, 17 of the 26 letters of the alphabet may be added to RETINA to form a total of 48 possible bingos.

High-bingo

Sam Orbaum

RETINA is a combination of six letters of high frequency. RETINAE (or 'TRAINEE') is mathematically the most probable of the 21,733 seven-letter words in the Scrabble dictionary, occurring with an approximate frequency of once in 13,870 random draws. That may seem like too much of a long shot to bother with, but you don't have to wait that long to get such a wonderful rack, because drawing randomly is hardly a strategy. During the course of a game, however, you will notice that your rack often comes close to RETINA. (The O represents a seventh letter), and it is just a matter of utilizing the unwanted letters to provide a potential RETINA rack.

High-bingo

Sam Orbaum

DECLARER collected all the available evidence, and made the play that should have brought home his six-diamond contract. But he ran into an unexpected pitfall along the way.

High-bingo

Sam Orbaum

Looks open-and-shut, doesn't it? Everything depends on the heart suit. A doubler king of diamonds on either side, or the king and no more than two small ones in the East hand, are enough to make the contract a success. That's exactly what declarer thought.

High-bingo

Sam Orbaum

So at Trick Three, South ruffed a spade. Then he entered dummy with the club jack and ruffed another spade. When both opponents followed, South seemed to be home - provided that West had at least three clubs. As declarer saw it, the clubs would have to be cashed before the hearts. If West turned up with four clubs and only two hearts, declarer would discard one of dummy's hearts on the clubs, and lead a diamond.

High-bingo

Sam Orbaum

Now South would lead a plain-suit card from his hand. West would have to ruff with the jack or ten, and lead from his tenace into South's queen-nine. This would the contract be made.

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- "The Enigma of the Calvario Maneroth"

JEWISH CINEMATHEQUE

- "The Jazz Singer" Dr. Richard Fleisher. Starring: Neil Diamond, Laurence Olivier. The film is in English with Hebrew subtitles. Mon., Nov. 5 at 8.30 pm.
- "The Boat is Full" A film based on a true story of German Jews seeking refuge in Switzerland during W.W.II. Dir. Markus Imhoof. The film is in French with Hebrew subtitles. Thursday, November 8 at 8.30 pm.

Admission fees: IS1000 for Members of Friends Association: IS800.

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EVENTS

A study evening, Sir Moses Montefiore - his work in Eretz Israel and the Diaspora. (In cooperation with "Pamim") Moderator: Itzhak Bozalel. Participants: Dr. Israel Barail, Prof. Amnon Netzer, Dr. Joshua Kanies. Sunday, November 4, 1984 at 8.30 pm.

FOR SALE AT BETH HATEFUTSOTH: A special calendar illustrated with "Shema Town" cards from the beginning of the century. Designed by Hayim Shitayn. Price: IS2750. The calendar may be purchased at the sales desk at the Museum. For mail order, please write to Beth Hatefutsoth, Public Relations Dept., P.O.B. 36359, Tel Aviv 61392. Please add to your order a check, payable to Beth Hatefutsoth for the exact amount.

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TO BUILD UP a sizeable audience for cultural presentations and good music performances in outlying places takes a long time. Medium-sized towns like Netanya and Beersheba have been able to boast of orchestras of their own for the last 10 years or so, with accompanying chamber music ensembles. Lately, Kfar Sava has developed a most impressive venue for orchestral concerts and chamber music recitals at its Saphir Cultural Centre, with a wonderful audience available from surrounding villages and kibbutzim.

The closer such a population concentration is to one of the country's three main cities, the more difficult it seems to be to develop cultural activities on their own ground: people prefer to make a bit of a journey to hear the Israel Philharmonic or big-name groups and artists from abroad rather than encourage local talent.

In the north, the Haifa Symphony Orchestra is surely destined, in time, to provide concerts for Nahariya, Acre, Tiberias, Safad, Carmiel, etc. Its performing standards have considerably improved in the last few years under Urs Schneider, and past prejudices should be overcome and an effort made to go and hear it. Regrettably, the locations mentioned are not on the HSO's schedule.

FOLLOWING the footsteps of Isaac Stern last week, I visited two

Off the beaten track

MUSIC & MUSICIANS / Yohanan Boehm

smaller towns off the beaten music track: Afula and Arad. To my surprise, in both places I found an enthusiastic audience filling the hall to capacity.

In Afula, the auditorium of the Cultural Centre seats 600, which for this occasion – the IPO with Zubin Mehta and Isaac Stern as soloist – was extended to some 650. In Arad, the cinema's 820 seats were completely filled by Aradians and Beershebans, who didn't want to miss Isaac Stern. Both halls are pleasantly appointed, though acoustics are dry and somewhat dead.

In addition to that drawback, Afula has to contend with noise that infiltrates from the outside. When, in Mozart's Violin Concerto in A (No. 5), Stern raised his bow to start playing after the orchestral introduction, a police car passed by with its siren screaming. Stern waited with his bow suspended in mid-air, and Zubin Mehta followed suit with his downbeat frozen between heaven and earth.

Afula was having its first visit from the IPO in about 40 years! But I was told that other orchestras are

appearing there and a series of chamber music concerts is in progress, so hopefully the new centre is developing a healthy cultural life.

If only architects would take into consideration that music on a stage with no reflecting side walls and especially no ceiling over the stage, loses most of its acoustic properties, as sound rises and the curtains and open ceilings eat up most of the musical waves. The result is a dry, non-reverberating sound which is abhorrent to performing artists and unsatisfying to listeners. No great budget would be needed to make the improvements indicated and the heightened pleasure derived from a healthy, fresh and clear sound would surely enhance coming musical offerings.

In Arad, the Israel Sinfonietta of Beersheba was in attendance, having apparently added its neighbouring town to the ever-growing list of venues, which regularly includes Jerusalem, Tel Aviv, Kfar Sava and Ashkelon. The ISB's chief conductor, Mendi Rodan, has raised its reputation to such a height that Isaac Stern went out of his way to demon-

strate his support for it and volunteered to play with it in Arad.

The loyalty of Beershebans was proven by the long convoys of cars winding their way from the Capital of the Negev to its sister city and back. At the reception held in the intermission, it was the mayor of Beersheba, Eliyahu Nawi, who greeted Stern, Rodan and the orchestra, with no mayor of Arad in sight.

This about finished Stern's hectic visit, which was supposed to be limited to a few appearances with the Israel Philharmonic in Tel Aviv, but which in fact included for young students a seminar at Kibbutz Ein Hashofet; a concert at Ein Hod Artists' Village (to help its flagging budget for development); a benefit recital in Jerusalem for Ilan Alon (the institutions for handicapped children), which was particularly successful. Board meetings of the Jerusalem Music Centre, innumerable auditions and talks occupied the violinist's few spare daytime hours, and one wonders where he found the drive and energy to stand up in the evening and play as he did.

THE FIRST Conductors' Competition held by the Haifa Symphony Orchestra took place last week (as reported by our Haifa music correspondent). The results were certainly unimpressive. No first prize was awarded – a practice which has be-



Isaac Stern

come quite common lately in international competitions when no outstanding talents come to the fore.

In this instance, the first prize should go to the members of the HSO, who dutifully and patiently performed for long hours under the direction of the young candidates, without showing any signs of irritation. The ordeal of facing 13 ambitious and eager, if mostly hopeless and helpless "conductors" is enormous, and the attitude of the musicians deserves the highest praise. They played much better than they were asked to by the young aspirants on the conductor's rostrum.

It brought to mind the old joke about the orchestra leader who consoles a nervous conducting neophyte and advises him, "Just give the upbeat and then don't put up any resistance. The orchestra will do the rest quite satisfactorily by itself." □

EVEN IN THE "off-season," New York is, for dance, like a boiling cauldron. In three weeks I found so much to watch that it was a matter of deciding what not to see.

The Merce Cunningham Company at the Joyce Theatre was, oddly, a disappointment. Though the audience was ecstatic, Cunningham, 65, looked older and arthritic. His choreography, where new, was predictable, and where "quoted" from past works was bitsy.

Not so the Dance Theatre of Harlem at the City Centre. There the programme began with a superbly sleek performance of Balanchine's *Agon* – not surprising, since co-director Arthur Mitchell is a former leading dancer of Balanchine's company. Then came a spell-weaving *Gaule*, faithful to the classical tradition, but set in old-time Louisiana with its upper-class Creoles and bayou peasants, instead of old-time Rhineland. The Willis seemed to emanate from the background of swamps and marshes, although their costumes were too Grecian.

Of the modern groups I saw, neither the Lillo Way nor the Rebecca Kelly companies at the Marymount Theatre showed any noteworthy choreography, but the dancing here and everywhere was excellent.

At the Riverside Dance Festival, to which director David Manion invited me, Douglas Nielson appeared in a "Choreo Showcase." Israelis

will remember him as a member of the Batsheva Company while Paul Sanassardo was director. He looks slimmer now – and is dancing better too. His choreography has some strong and clever ideas in two duets (with different women), never dwarfing the dance motifs.

Before my visit to the Riverside Church theatre, the Alvin Ailey Repertory Ensemble had performed; and for December, beyond my reach, Ze'eva Cohen and Dancers and Anna Sokolow's Dancers' Project are among the scheduled companies. David Manion told me that about 60 companies a year appear at Riverside, totalling more than 200 performances.

At the Joffrey School, I "sat in" at a class given by former Joffrey star Scott Barnard. What impressive dancers! Yet he kept on making little improvements, kindly but firmly. Other classes where I "sat in" were two by Danilova at the School of American Ballet (linked to the New York City Ballet). The great ballerina conducted the classes dressed in a leotard and a diaphanous skirt – her face still beautiful, her body slender, but her walk betrayed her 80 years. When, however, she indicated foot movements at the barre, there was glamour aplenty. Another exciting class was that of Andrei Kramarevsky, whose directions were quite magical.

At the Juilliard School, Dr. Martha Hill, head of the Dance

New York notebook



Les Ballets Jazz of Montreal.

DANCE
Dora Sowden

Division, made me welcome in her warm, inimitable way. I watched several classes – classical (by

Michael Maule); modern (by a vibrant Japanese teacher called Hirabayashi); and Indian, which a lovely teacher called Indrani told me she based on Bharata Nattam and which reminded me of the lines: "Where the hand goes there also go the eyes; where the eyes go there should go the mind."

At a rehearsal of Jose Limon's *Missa Brevis* directed by Daniel Lewis and Laura Glenn and danced by Juilliard students and alumni. I met Rahel Palmick of Galilee. She is in her fourth year and should be a distinct asset when she returns.

ARRIVING IN London, I saw the name of Panova in lights at the Palace Theatre where *On Your Toes* was drawing full houses. She had replaced Makarova as the temperamental Vera Baranovas in the Rodgers-Hart musical, as on Broadway. And you can take it from the London critics, as well as from the public and myself, that she glitters in her own right.

David Dougill (*The Sunday Times*) wrote: "She looks very glamorous and dances the climactic jazz ballet *Slaughter on Tenth Avenue* with thrilling abandon. This number (Balanchine's choreography) makes much more impact now than when the revival opened."

There was not much else in London dance worth writing home about. The Royal Ballet hadn't begun. The Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet was

away touring. A Spanish company on a Sunday night in the West End did not measure up to our own Silvia Duran or, for that matter, her students or, indeed, Dalia Low in her Spanish programmes.

But Richard Harris's comedy *Stepping Out* turned out to be an entertaining "lesson" on how to become a tap dancer. Obviously it was not intended to be a dance show – but it is. Tap dancing has made a great comeback, and one of the best numbers in *On Your Toes* pits a classical group against a tap group with dazzling effect.

JAZZ DANCE is coming to us from abroad. Les Ballets Jazz of Montreal is due here by the time this column appears. It comes under the auspices of the Canadian Ambassador Vernon Turner, and will appear in Tel Aviv on November 10, in Haifa on November 12, in Beersheba on November 16, in Jerusalem on November 17, in Givat Haim on November 19 and again in Tel Aviv on November 20-21.

The company, started 10 years ago, numbers 16 dancers and has already toured widely in the United States, Europe and South America as well as Canada. Composers have written music specially for the company, and the choreographers in the repertoire include such names as Louis Falco, Darrell Gray and Burg Miller.

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Ticho House works by Anna Ticho, husband, library, garden cafe.
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Greek lessons

DAN FAINARU at the Thessaloniki film festival discovers that Greek cinema has a lot in common with its Israeli counterpart.



Antonis Kafetzopoulos in "Revanche," one of last year's best Greek films.

WHY WOULD the film reviewer of *The Jerusalem Post* go to a national film festival dedicated to the Greek cinema in Thessaloniki? The first and obvious answer is that he was invited, and no one in his right mind turns down such a gracious invitation. In the first days of October the evenings are cool, the sea is calm, the food is delicious and the people are kind, warm and welcoming. What more could one ask?

But there's more behind this trip than the pleasure of escaping from the oppression of our mind-boggling economy and our political novelties. A survey of everyday reality as reflected in the Greek cinema indicates that our own troubles in this department aren't all that exceptional; as the well-known sci-fi quote goes, "We are not alone." By elaborating on the situation of the film industry there, one can also refer to what is going on here, with the additional bonus of not having to quote names and step on sensitive toes. So here goes. But remember, everything you read about the Greeks could apply to Israelis as well - with one difference: they are several steps ahead of us, but obviously not out of the woods as yet.

Before I got to Thessaloniki, which for the last 25 years has been the annual encounter spot of the film industry in Greece, I heard a rumour that the national festival, the pre-emptive event for the best Greek films of the year, was being threatened by the professional unions, which had decided to boycott it. The reason: a law, supposed to regulate the flow of cash from government to the film industry and establish a sound base for the promotion and support of quality production, hasn't yet been brought before parliament.

Melina Mercouri, the minister in charge, had solemnly promised - two years ago - to have this law passed urgently; however, her department is concerned with culture only, and the money comes from the Treasury, where nobody is in a hurry to do anything about it.

Only after a promise was extracted to present the new law by November did the O.K. come for the festival to take place.

Not that there are no existing solutions for the cinema. But the entire system is so confused and confusing that nobody is happy; even those who do get money feel they could have got more, and soon.

SO THE FESTIVAL did take place. About 30 guests from abroad, reviewers, distributors, festival directors, were lodged in the Makedonia Palace, the town's luxury inn, with the top echelon of the festival itself. The other visitors, and there were many, for the Greeks consider Thessaloniki a kind of national convention of the cinema and a place to discuss all their problems in detail, were spread all over the town.

A quick survey of the programme made it clear that dissension was in the air: The committee charged to select the official entries had selected only six of the features they were offered. The rejected filmmakers toyed all the pressure they could, and four more films were added to the programme, out of competition; and that was about to be a topic of loud controversy in the days to come.

Opening night was at the National Theatre, an old and respectable place built in the tradition of last century's theatres, with several balconies above the stalls. Not ideal for films, but it has been used by the festival for many years. Next year a conventional and modern facility will be set up in the fair-grounds, thus

bringing the festival up to date.

The film screened the first night was a popular choice - Theo Angelopoulos's *Voyage to Cythera*. It was shown in Cannes, where it won a Critics' Prize; as far as Greeks are concerned, Angelopoulos is their Ingmar Bergman. More about it later.

The next day, the hot Mediterranean spirit came to the fore. The evening screening was dedicated to a new film entitled *The Descent of the Nine* by a new director who happens to be a Cypriot, Christos Chochopoulos. But before this was shown, there were 50 minutes of shorts; considering the fact that the session was scheduled for 10 p.m., and nothing started on time, the main programme looked as if it would begin quite close to midnight.

The audience, filling the place to capacity, had followed the way of reacting to this treatment. The filmmaker's friends cheered, the rest jeered, but nobody kept his opinions secret. Still, this was a relatively peaceful prologue to the explosion that occurred when the main programme was screened.

The plot of *The Descent of the Nine* concerns a small unit of guerrillas, left out in the mountains and unwilling to give up its weapons despite the fact that the entire revolutionary movement, which rocked Greece after World War II, has dwindled away. It tries to show what happens to people who have been conditioned to fight but have nothing to fight for anymore, and nobody to fight for either, because the population has turned against them; it evokes a tragic period in the recent history of Greece, which is still very much alive - the colonels regime in the early '70s brought back all the bad memories of that time.

SPLendid intentions, but dramatically the movie turns around in circles, is repetitive, self-indulgent, too much manipulated by an author

them argued with the representatives of the different government agencies that support the Greek cinema. This was as it should be, for only through discussion is there any chance of changing things; when people keep quiet or give up without a fight, that's the time to start worrying.

AS FOR the films themselves, there are several topics which seem to concern the Greeks particularly and are repeated in one film after another. For instance, the conservative middle-class mentality of the average Greek, which is reflected in a muted way in Vassili Vafeas's *Ulysses' Love* and as a grotesque allegory in Andreas Tomopoulos's *Ostris*.

The first one indulges in the day-dreams of a middle-aged clerk who could easily be a Mediterranean version of Gogol's Akaki Akakievich, while the second shows the violent reaction of an average bourgeois society to the insouciant and glorious modern freedom personified by a young girl bathing in the nude next to the camping spot of three solid families.

Two of the most successful films of last year, *Revanche* and *Sweet Bunch*, deal in different ways with the revolt against the present state of society. Nicholas Vergitis shows in *Revanche* the emotional void left in what used to be the insurgent youth who fought the colonels 10 years ago and who are trying helplessly to put some sense and order into their intimate lives and overcome their deep malaise. The film has won several prizes and is an attempt to use unconventional narrative style consistently.

Sweet Bunch brings to mind the anti-establishment films of the '60s and early '70s, and includes the visual glitter of the pop era. Nikos Nikolaidis, who made the film, achieved a stunning visual style for a ridiculously small sum; his is a violent and uncompromising story about a group of small-time hoods who find themselves unexpectedly involved in guerrilla activity and embrace it wholeheartedly, not because they care about dogma but because it is their way of rejecting the world around them.

Of course there were also the more conventional items. A love story with Lisbon for its background (*Sudden Love*); a bike gang racing across the Athenian night (*City That Never Sleeps*); or *Loafing and Camouflage*, this year's winner of most of the big prizes, an army satire, very loud, very obvious, very reminiscent of our own *Lemon Popicle* brand of humour but nevertheless suggesting some serious events in the background. It is the story of the first days of the Army TV station, shortly before the military took over in Greece (after the change in regime it became a normal TV channel).

And then there was the outsider, Stavros Tornos, a man whose films look like sketches and preliminary ideas. Blessed at times with poetical imagination, he allows himself a totally anarchic construction of the plot. You either like him or dislike him, but you can't ignore him. But that is exactly what the selection committee tried to do this year, pushing his latest film out of competition. As a result, the film, entitled *Karkalon*, was cheered vehemently and awarded the Critics' Prize. It was also considered the unofficial winner of the festival. It follows a chaotic character who comes back to his home village; some people say it presents a composite image of the Greek experience on many different levels.

BUT NO MATTER how one considers Greek cinema, there is no escaping the fact that one filmmaker stands out head and shoulders above everybody else. Theo Angelopoulos is not only the best-known director now in the country, he is also one of the few original talents to break through on the European scene in the last dozen years.

A meticulous, refined and highly sophisticated artist, he uses all levels of Greek history to penetrate present-day reality. His spectacular visual style has become immediately identifiable; his predilection to move from one level of reality to another, from one time frame to another, within one shot, is still a marvel to watch.

Whoever has had the chance to see some of his films, shown in our cinematheques, or the one movie of his that was distributed here, *Megaloxandros*, will know that his cinematic style is unlike anyone else's. His new film, *Voyage to Cythera*, may be a bit more conventional in editing, but narratively it is still a highly unusual piece of work.

It's basically a Rip van Winkle story, or, to use a better, Greek, example, a story about Ulysses returning home, in this case after 32 years. Angelopoulos has always used mythological fables as the basis of his plots and this is what he does here, adopting a rather unusual version of the *Odyssey* in which, instead of being welcomed, Ulysses is rejected by his own people.

The story of the film is about a Greek communist who, in order to get away from a rightist government at home, escaped to Russia in the '40s. He stayed away for three decades; and now, on his return, he has to face his son, a film director, his daughter, his wife and a whole country that is entirely different from what he left behind.

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In all honesty, though, I must admit that from time to time I have had me rolling in the aisles.

THE SIMPLE practical joke, 'Sport of Creeps,' sometimes

WITH PREJUDICE / Alex Berlyne

Some, a very few, occasionally show a spark of creativity and their antics have been collected in F. Allen Smith's 1953 classic, *The Compleat Practical Joker*, which has now been supplemented by Richard Boston's *Book of Practical Jokes* (Fontana, £1.50).

down his chamber-pot on a string and repeatedly tapped it against the prof's window. Exasperated, the old boy grabbed the pot, whereupon the student immediately let go of the string. The offending vessel couldn't be withdrawn though the bars and the prof didn't want to let it shatter the street. While he was pondering

Like many victims of swindlers, I am not even sure I've been duped, but I had serious misgivings with

newspaper headline, "Libby Death Threat to Albert Tatlock." character in the long-playing soap opera, *Coronation Street*. When he made it so desperately awkward that the item was followed almost immediately by the morning news which quite truthfully reported that 84-year-old Jack Howarth, who played our Albert, had died during the night.

In Holland they have a coin called a *rix-dollar*, so we could go higher in the alphabet and have a *nix-dollar* to distinguish it from a real dollar. Or, better still, we could call ours a *lo-dollar*, i.e. a no-dollar. A side benefit of the *lo-dollar* is that tourists would have to attend *ulpanim* to learn that *lo-dollar* does not mean "look and behold! A dollar!" Thus we

Ollivier as Shylock – our bankers' hero.

Whatever name we give the currency, we should make bluebacks, to distinguish them from greenbacks, and to reflect our mood. But whose countenance should adorn whatever new bank-note we issue? At first the

Noneless was dedicated to Raou Wallenberg, the Swedish diplomat who saved thousands of Jews from the Nazis, and was rewarded by the

Still, we must never make prejudices of our principles, we should always allow exceptions. The letter found at the scene of the crime urges the need for capital punishment for terrorists. I am prepared to make a concession: if those terrorists who fired the rocket are caught, they should be hanged in Zion Square. □

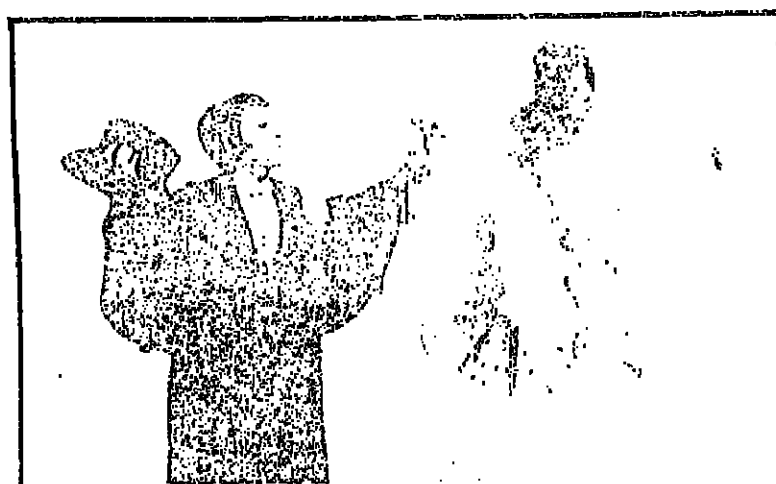
BROADWAY cracked with young, glad-to-be-alive energy in the Twenties and Thirties. Slick, tough, fast "modernism" was busting out all over. Playwright Eugene O'Neill Freudianized sex in *The Hairy Ape*, *Strange Interlude*, *Mourning Becomes Electra* and *Desire Under the Elms*. Mae West satirized it in her play *Sex*, until the New York Police Department closed the show in mid-performance, cutting off the star-author and the cast. Politics arrived with a bang when William Holtho peopled the stage with topical German street revolutionaries shouting it out with the Law. For the first time on Broadway, a play peppered its audience with four-letter words; after a performance of Stallings and Anderson's *What Price Glory?*, a prim old lady, visiting from Iowa, was heard to murmur, "Where the hell are my Goddammed glasses?"

"It was a time," as Martin Gottfried says in his compact, elegantly written biography of producer-director J. Edgar Harris, "of floridity, of camps and panthers on leashes, of Rudolph Valentino and Bela Lugosi. It was not so odd to live life in purple."

Personally and professionally, J. Edgar Harris epitomized this world. His first successful play *Broadway*, in 1926, "initiated a tradition that would ever be associated with the place Broadway. It was to be a theatre in his image: clever, tense, urban, dynamic, and, above all, contemporary. He was, therefore, not just presenting 'Broadway' but Broadway." This backstage cabaret melodrama was followed by three more hits in the short space of 15 months: George Abbott's drama of the South, *Cogate*, starring Helen Hayes; the George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber satire of the Barrymore acting clan, *The Royal Family*; and the Ben Hecht and Charles McArthur classic about Chicago newspaper life, *The Front Page*. By 1928, J. Edgar Harris, born Yakov Horowitz, was making \$40,000 a week, and his picture appeared on the cover of *Time*.

According to almost every critic, he could do no wrong. Stark Young, the leading intellectual of the day and a Chekhov expert, heaped praise on Harris's brilliant idea of having the character played by Lilian Gish in Harris's production of *Uncle Vanya* flit across the stage without speaking, to establish the mood of the play.

Gottfried provides an absorbing



Already wearing top hat, white tie and tails, seven-year-old Fred Astaire makes his professional vaudeville debut together with sister Adele, 1906. In "Fred Astaire" (Chambers/Goddard), Henry Green tells the story of this Broadway and Hollywood legend. Green's erudition and cockney wit make this lavishly illustrated book a delight. A.B.

Great White Way

J. EDGAR HARRIS: THE CURSE OF GENIUS by Martin Gottfried. Boston, Toronto, Little, Brown and Company, 280 pp., \$19.95.

NOTES ON A COWARDLY LION by John Lahr. New York, Limelight Editions, 394 pp. No price stated.

SLINGS AND ARROWS by Robert Lewis. New York, Stein and Day, 360 pp., \$18.95.

Seymour Geldin

description of a rehearsal of *The Green Bay Tree*, in which Harris replaces pages of explanatory dialogue with a few simple actions, adding enormous impact by implying the theme instead of stating it. Later, he directed Thornton Wilder's deeply sentimental play about American small town life, *Our Town*, in a totally unsentimental manner, and without scenery. The effect left Brooks Atkinson of *The New York Times* sobbing.

Moss Hart, in his autobiography, *Act One*, wrote that every playwright of that time prayed, "Please God, let J. Edgar Harris do my play!"

BUT J. EDGAR HARRIS the man barely measured up to J. Edgar Harris the producer-director. His method of

short years of incredible, dazzling success, J. Edgar Harris fell into a long decline. He died of emphysema a few years ago.

The question hangs in the air: was J. Edgar Harris all that good as a producer-director? Gottfried's estimate: "We may believe descriptions of performances of *Bunbury*, *Keen*, the *Barymores* or *Duse* but we can never experience them. These are performing arts. Only the medium endures. Most likely Harris's directing genius would seem old-fashioned to us. But he was a genius of the stage according to the standards and values by which he worked; a genius of his time."

LIFE WAS BEING lived more in the grey of the Depression than the purple of the Twenties when actor-director Robert Lewis came together with the Group Theatre. But the idealism and the enthusiasm were unflagging. Led by Lee Strasberg, Harold Clurman and Stella Adler, this theatrical organization leaned heavily towards the Moscow Art Theatre and the presentation of radical leftist social ideas. They offered some of the most provocative plays on Broadway during the Thirties, and raised the hackles of the House Un-American Activities Committee in the Fifties.

In his gregarious, lively autobiography Lewis tells about the opening night of Clifford Odets's *Waiting for Lefty*, in which Lewis played a small role: "a night to remember...the dialogue, aside from the social comment, reflected a kind of street poetry that brought rous of approval from the audience...no one left the premises after the wild ovation at the finish. Hordes of people stormed backstage to get a glimpse, not only of the actors, but of this fellow Odets."

Lewis and Strasberg differed fundamentally in their interpretation of the Moscow Art Theatre's Stanislavski acting style. Strasberg evolved "The Method," a "let-it-all-hang-out" approach, epitomized by Marlon Brando, in which the actor attempts to find a justification for his role, a "handle," entirely from within his own experience. Lewis's interpretation is to have the actor understand his role not only on the basis of his own experience, but also within the context and style of the play itself. "The Method," used in Strasberg's "Actor Studio," has been adopted by leading Hollywood and Broadway performers for the past 30

years, and, Lewis feels, has severely limited the ability of the American actor to play a wide variety of roles.

Lewis achieved commercial success on Broadway with his production of William Saroyan fantasies in the late Thirties, and, later, the musical *Brigadoon* and the comedy *Tedhouse of the August Moon*. Robert Lewis has varied his Broadway career with teaching, particularly at the Yale Drama School, and, ever the optimist, he continues, even in his seventies, to teach and establish theatre throughout the country.

JOHN LAHR notes at the beginning of his biography (now available in paperback) of his star comic-actor father Bert Lahr that he dreamed of his father one night and woke up crying. The incident apparently prompted this book, but, unfortunately, the author's catharsis is the reader's tedium.

Ordinarily a perceptive, intelligent writer, Lahr allowed himself to get carried away. There are pages and pages of pointless appendices that give his father's vaudeville and stage routines verbatim. Molire Bert Lahr was not. He built a 40-year career as a wild, zany character, subduing it and making it more sophisticated by working with performers like Bea Lillie and Ethel Merman. He even became the darling of the intellectuals when he played one of the tramps in Samuel Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*. But Lahr's career was summed up by actor Frank Morgan when he told him that playing the cowardly lion in *The Wizard of Oz* "will make you a big hit, but it won't do you any good....You're playing an animal."

Looking back at the Twenties and Thirties of Harris, Lewis and Lahr is like looking back at a time as misty as Arthurian legend. The stars, actors, writers, producers, directors and critics who buttressed the Broadway that was on everyone's lips have vanished. What is left is a Broadway whose cultural role has diminished enormously. Today, there are the closed, airless plays of Tom Stoppard and Lanford Wilson, the grey world of Athol Fugard and Harold Pinter, the quirky-funny plays of Wasserstein and Simon and Allen. There are \$45 tickets for theatre parties for the shrinking number of theatre fanatics, and for the intellectuals. If you want the Broadway of excitement and adventure and unquenchable optimism, you must read about it.

THOSE OF US born after the founding of the State of Israel often take the miracle for granted. The path towards Jewish nationhood was never smooth: we forget this. The fact that the Jews managed to transform their tenuous existence into a rooted one, with no power base of their own, and nothing to offer the land's official rulers — first the Turks, and then the British — needs recounting.

Clive Irving's *Promise the Earth* revolves around this miraculous event. His novel is set in the period where the promise of Jewish nationhood began to suggest more than the wishful dream of elderly men. Yet he demonstrates just how tenuous Jewish life here was. His specific period is World War I rather than the Holocaust and its aftermath. He gives us a vivid picture of the different elements fighting for the country.

Irving's fiction utilizes many real people. Among them are Sarah and Aaron Aaronsohn, and Abshalom Feinberg, members of NILI — the Jewish underground organization which supplied the British with information about the Turks. Irving inserts Asa Koblenksky, a young Russian army deserter, and an avid believer in the Jewish homeland, into NILI, and weaves his tale around the group's many tribulations. Those of us too young to remember first-hand this phase of Palestinian Jewish history will be amazed to realize how deeply the Jews of Zichron Ya'akov resented NILI. Jews docilely accept Turkish rule, some actually as collaborators. A rabbi witnesses Sarah's torture, and rules: "for the informer, there is no hope."

KOBLENKSKY travels to Cairo to offer NILI's services to the British. He meets Vladimir Jabotinsky and T.E. Lawrence. Recognizing that no tale about this period is complete without these two colourful men, Irving has worked them in very carefully. But he does not allow the real-life figures of his novel to overshadow the fictional ones. He invents also the assimilated Michael Bron, a rich English Jew serving in Palestine and married to Tessie, a beautiful Catholic. Bron in the end is converted by Koblenksky.

Then there is Owen Kippax, the epitome of the British undercover man, who does his best to serve England's interests by promising both Jew and Arab the same strip of land. And there is Esther Mossery, the dangerously sophisticated Egyptian Jewess, whose loyalties are firstly to Egypt. Working for an independent Egypt, Esther discovers herself viewed with unalterable suspicion by her colleagues. She learns that despite all their liberal



The Marquess of Bath with Mrs. Thatcher's beloved "Humphrey" (right) at a Great Teddy Bear Rally held at Longleat, his stately home, in 1979. Published posthumously, Peter Bull's "A Hug of Teddy Bears" (The Herbert Press) was the third book on the subject by the owner of "Delicatessen," which played "Aloysius," Sebastian Flyte's teddy bear, in "Brideshead Revisited." A.B.

Miraculous event

PROMISE THE EARTH by Clive Irving. New York, Ballantine Books, 432 pp., \$5.95.

THE SON OF ZELMAN by Oscar Pinkus. Cambridge, Schenkman Publishing Company, 238 pp., \$14.50.

EIGHTH MOON by Beate Bao Lord. New York, Avon Books, 222 pp., \$2.95.

THE ALBATROSS by Susan Hill. Harmondsworth, Penguin Books, 174 pp., £1.95.

Michelle Cameron

slogans, for them she is first and foremost a Jew.

The novel concludes just after Alenby's entrance into Jerusalem on Christmas Day, 1917, which terminated 400 years of Ottoman rule. Arabs, Jews and Christians are jockeying for position. The Jews have realized that their trust in the gentleness of the British has been, at best, misplaced. The guns which Koblenksky has smuggled in bags of cement to a northern settlement are a clear indication of the struggle to come.

IN SPARE and haunting terms, Pinkus manages to capture the sense of stupor of Europe's Jews during the two world wars. Shimon, the son of Zelman, begins his life peacefully enough in Poland. He travels throughout Poland peddling

cheap wares, crosses into Russia to escape the German onslaught and is imprisoned — ironically enough — as a fascist spy in a Siberian forced labour camp, there to wait out the war. At war's end, he journeys with thousands of other displaced persons to Palestine, where he will be killed by an Arab bullet, as he piles his milk wagon through the streets of Ashkelon.

Shimon does not allow Shimon any strong display of emotion. Yet he is not a man without feeling — it is because he loves his hurly-like wife and his children that he chooses to peddle his goods throughout the country. Paradoxically, the novel is imbued with Shimon's own sense of despair. It is encountered when his father refuses to give Shimon's cousin and future wife a home during the First World War because she is not a member of his immediate family. The despair returns when Shimon experiences his first pogrom, far from home and with no help. And the reader despairs when Shimon, with a new wife and home in Israel, and tentatively reaching out once more for happiness, is shot by an Arab sniper.

SHIMON, THE son of Zelman, can naturally be taken as a symbol of European Jewry. His despair-filled story was a reality for all too many. One is infuriated by the passive acceptance of everything. Whatever the *goyim* decide, Zelman tells young Shimon, we will just have to sit it out. Jews must simply accept the distress visited on them.

Shimon, throughout his long and unfortunate existence, does just that. Pinkus' novel points out the possible danger in all this with chilling clarity.

BEATE BAO LORD'S first novel, *Spring Moon*, had one fundamental weakness. While it was a beautiful account of pre-Communist China, its last part, set in the period of the Cultural Revolution, was unconvincing. In *Eight Moon*, a biography of her younger sister, Sansun, she more than makes up for the previous deficiency. It is based on a series of tape-recording sessions with Sansun, and provides a realistic picture of China after the advent of Mao, in the shape of a personal biography filled with chilling details of life then.

Sansun was a baby when her parents, accompanied by her two older sisters, left China for what was supposed to be a short business trip to the United States. While they were away, the Communists took over the country, and Sansun was left stranded. Her aunt and uncle took her in, and, for most of her young life, the girl believed that they were really her parents. While Sansun's childhood was relatively peaceful, with her entrance into junior high school life began to get much harder. It was then that food became scarce, and production campaigns forced the young students "to volunteer" for compulsory work projects. Whatever spare time was left over went to club meetings, where the youngsters learnt to parrot the ideology of their club-leaders.

ALL OF this could have been endured, had it not been for the basic inhumanity which took hold as life became increasingly difficult. People were encouraged to betray their relatives and friends, in order to attain instant status in the Communist party. With food rationing, Sansun's aunt and uncle insisted she leave home to live in the food dormitories — where she was subjected to much worse conditions and heavier duties. Sansun was not even allowed to pursue a college career; she and all her classmates were forced into high school teacher training, as there was a shortage of such teachers.

Sansun learnt about her real parents only in her late teens. Never having known them, she instantly yearned to be with them. And miraculously, her parents contrived to get her out of China. From Hong Kong, Sansun's parents brought her to America, and there the two sisters met.

Beate Bao Lord has managed to retain the simple unsensational manner in which Sansun, who had

lived under harsh conditions always and never expected anything else, related her story. And because the two sisters never try for effect, *Eight Moon* is all the more poignant.

FEAR STRIKES most forcefully at the lonely. In this collection of stories, Susan Hill champions the lonely and afraid, not by allaying their fears or lessening their isolation, but by describing their travails with a scalpel-like skill. Probing deep, Miss Hill has come up with five tales of very personal horror. What gives a child nightmares, or humiliates a crippled mind? If Miss Hill's stories teach us anything, it is that no one can predict what will touch the wellsprings of horror in another.

The title story "The Albatross," is a prime example. Duncan, retarded from birth, and with his mind further stultified by a harsh and witch-like mother, is made to feel his inadequacies again and again. His mother burdens him with seemingly impossible tasks. He is sent to purchase fish, but is told not to come home with cod. That's all the fisherman have; what's Duncan to do? He fears coming home empty-handed and doesn't have the mental resources to try elsewhere. His reception at home is as miserable as he feared. Miss Hill continues Duncan's humiliations until something snaps in his slow mind, and he lashes out.

POOR YOUNG William, subject to Nanny Fawcett's whims in "The Elephant Man," cannot lash out. His Nanny is fond of a repulsive creature: a man who dresses up as an elephant and entertains at children's parties. William must attend these parties of strangers, and is forced to witness the distressing — to him — antics of this man-beast. He vomits, and Nanny scolds him for eating too much at the party.

The boy in "Friends of Miss Reece" is in a similar predicament. His mother is fond of going off and leaving him with his aunt, the matron of an old age home. He sees horrors enough there for a sensitive child, especially when his one friend, old Miss Reece, finally dies and abandons him.

Susan Hill seems to have a penchant for the defenceless. Retarded persons, children and the old — dependants all — people her stories. None of her powerful figures show any understanding for the weak. And indeed the fears of her characters are not easily understood. Yet they are no less real. Horrors based firmly in the mind, Susan Hill's subtle pen brings them vividly to life.

Criminal affairs

Benny Morris

century CE bones of a crucified man (about 33 years old) near the Old City sparks skullduggery (an appropriate term for happenings at Golgotha?).

For someone who has reported from Israel for the BBC, Delahaye makes lots of technical errors. For instance, are concentration camp tattoos in Israel "as common as freckles," and isn't this a rather flippant simile?

In general, the Israeli descriptions

are off-key, and there's a scarcely credible account of the world-shaking effects, in Rome and Washington, of the discovery of these bones.

MORRIS WEST'S latest, *The World is Made of Glass* (Coronet, £2.50), is not a thriller, unless you find Karl Jung and his patients, however mad, thrilling. But there is a murder at the core of this novel, which reconstructs the life of Magda Lillane Kardoss von Gamsfeld, a beautiful, murderous, Hungarian, and her psychoanalytic encounters with the famous professor.

JAMES FOLLET'S *Dominoes* (Methuen, £8.95) has the Palestinians and Israel, as usual, messing up the world, reaching for the moon, and almost taking it.

The time is about 10 years hence, the PLO makes hit-and-run attacks, with uninterceptable MiG 35s, on Israeli targets, from Soviet Black Sea bases.

Israel's intercontinental ballistic missiles won't be ready for three years (its rocket development site went up in smoke because of a faulty fuse), so a stop-gap must be found. The hijacking of a U.S. space shuttle craft is one of the more credible incidents of this haywire plot.

Follet writes well but can you believe him?

FREDRIC NEUMAN'S *Man-o-uvers* (Gollancz, £8.95) is far too long for a thriller, and somehow off-key for a black comedy. The comparison with *Catch-22* is simply absurd.

But there are some funny moments as psychologists truck down a killer at a U.S. base in Germany. Naturally, there is a KGB angle, a Jewish angle, and a German angle. Moderately readable.

THE PRINCIPAL aim of the United Nations Organization, as enunciated by its Charter, is "to maintain international peace and security." In the context in which it is used here, "maintain" would seem to signify both keeping the peace when it prevails, and repairing it when it is broken. The Security Council, as the world organization's executive organ, has been entrusted with realizing this two-fold aim.

How has the world organization fared in this respect? Dr. Ovadia Soffer, at present Israel's Ambassador to France, provides an unequivocal judgement. As a peacekeeper — i.e. "preventing further hostilities through the interposition of international forces" — the United Nations has "a good record." Its record as a peace-maker, however, by which is meant "the peaceful settlement of international disputes", has been "a poor one." He proves his point in the course of this book.

The U.N. As Peacemaker covers the period 1947-1977, and concludes just before the Sadat initiative. In one sense this is as it should be, since the UN played no part whatever in

Keeping the peace

THE U.N. AS PEACEMAKER by Ovadia Soffer. Irchester, Northants: Mark Saunders Books, 300 pp., £10.95.

THE SECURITY COUNCIL AND THE ARAB-ISRAELI CONFLICT by Istvan S. Pogany. Aldershot, Hants: Cower Publishing, 225 pp. No price stated.

Nissim Rejwan

the ensuing negotiations, and in the peace treaty which was finally signed by Israel and Egypt in the spring of 1979. Dr. Soffer's more general conclusions have to do with the nature of the role played by the world organization in peaceful settlement of disputes between states. "Although the superpowers," he writes, "have an overriding choice in the use and extent of use of the UN in conflict management and conflict resolution, as intended by the Charter, the

evolution of the Arab-Israeli conflict since 1967 has shown that the disputants have preserved a dynamic of their own in triggering or thwarting United Nations action. This catalytic potential did not always conform to the wishes and policies of the superpowers."

Soffer does offer some hope. "Ideally," he concludes, "the effective use of the provisions of the Charter in the context of peaceful settlement of disputes should rely on the mutuality of the disputants' interest in solving their problems and the harmonization of conflicting superpower interests. In the case of the Middle East above all others, the inherent incompatible and irreconcilable interests of the chief protagonists represent a threat to international peace and security — in other words, war between the superpowers. It is this periodic threat that may yet determine the border between persuasion and imposition in

peacemaking through the United Nations."

IT IS curious that the United Nations has been confronted by one form or other of the Arab-Israeli conflict almost from the day of its inception. Istvan Pogany's study traces the role of the Security Council in the five wars — six, if you include the "War of Attrition" of 1969-1970 — that have been fought here since 1948.

The Middle East conflict deserves careful analysis by students of the United Nations. One reason for this is that the Security Council has been closely involved throughout, a circumstance which, in the author's opinion, provides a rich source of material about the work of the Security Council in resolving international disputes. A second reason he adduces is that the Arab-Israeli conflict is "peculiarly instructive concerning the degree to which the effectiveness of the Security Council may be impaired where the interests of the superpowers are involved."

Dr. Pogany is nothing if not thorough. He studiously confines his researches to the activities of the

Security Council, to the exclusion of those of any other UN agency. The Jarring mission, for instance, which rightly gets detailed treatment in *The U.N. As Peacemaker*, is totally ignored by Pogany. Operation Peace for Galilee, however, is extensively covered in a long chapter which includes a section on the Kahan Report, and another in which Pogany speaks of "the aftermath" of the operation.

In summing up his findings, he suggests that, while the Security Council has failed to realize the hopes pinned on it when it was conceived, it has made a significant contribution to the maintenance of world peace. In the context of the Arab-Israeli conflict, the Council's "most conspicuous contribution" to a settlement was Resolution 242, adopted in November, 1967, and calling for "the establishment of a just and lasting peace in the Middle East." The author believes, however, that the text of that resolution "no longer serves as an adequate basis for a resolution of the Arab-Israeli conflict, particularly as it refers to the Palestinians merely as a 'refugee problem.'"

Fabricating art

Gil Goldfine

TWENTIETH CENTURY developments in art, spurred on by modernist political and social philosophies and theories, have created a permanent place for artists who neither wield a paint brush, model clay nor etch into copper in the traditional manner but who are conveyors of visual ideas and concepts. Either by choice or owing to an inability to maintain contact with the historical demands of creating images that reflect their surroundings or emotions via drawing, rendering, modelling, colour theory etc., many creative people have taken up the art of assembling and constructing. In this art method, choosing and gathering materials becomes the pre-sketched for fabricating them into final statements.

There is no attempt here to make value judgements on the validity or acceptability of any art form or style, merely to place in perspective recent works by Zigi Ben-Haim, an Israeli artist who has been living in the U.S. for the past 14 years. Because Ben-Haim's work has been exhibited infrequently in Israel over the past decade, it is difficult to make in-depth contact with his current production and even more difficult to place it within a long-term, critical, framework.

Viewing the exhibit cold, one comes to the conclusion that Ben-Haim, like those "conveyors of ideas" discussed in the opening paragraph, is a sculptural practitioner. Throughout his work, he uses the

physical properties of natural and industrially manufactured materials to "build" abstracted assemblage panels whose content, nevertheless, relates to a feeling for things and places. Essentially, the content is the physical, tactile, elements tied to the theme they project.

BEN-HAIM prefers abrasive raw materials like heavy wire mesh and concrete, dressing them up in colour camouflage to satisfy an aesthetic balance with tiny strands of newsprint and real twigs or root branches. This is an amalgamation of what Ben-Haim terms a juxtaposition between the chaotic and arbitrary, and the calculated, geometric, artificial and controlled. The results, despite the forthrightness and desolate impact, are large, high reliefs and standing forms, the latter a marching group of tripod creatures cross-bred from the human body, animal gestures and extruded metal parts. But both Ben-Haim's flat wall hangings and three-dimensional efforts seem to lack a true epicentre. Unlike his handmade paper and rope pictures of several years ago, which represented a personality digging for alternative means of creating responsive images, most of what Ben-Haim shows today is of a ponderous, *déjà vu*, nature.

Having adopted the States as his permanent home, Ben-Haim has also tried to adopt the American tradition of painting, from Bierstadt's ephemeral landscapes to Pollock's "actions," where the scope and proportion of the painted surface is a direct response to the openness and individualism fostered by that society, the pioneer grandeur of the



Zigi Ben-Haim: sculpture, "Wind Hunter" (Billy Rose Pavilion, Israel Museum, Jerusalem). (Right) Zitpora Ronen: painting, (Artists Pavilion, Tel Aviv).

vast West and the sheer size of the modern megalopolis.

But size is never a substitute for quality, and Ben-Haim's two-and-a-half metre vertical panels suffer from overworked iconoclastic pictures. The aura of space and movement is clouded by the hammering home of several different textural and geometric areas forced into neo-cubistic compositions. The shapes are fixed in clearly bordered positions, while other elements like filigreed newspaper, pieces of root, gauze and twine attempt to "dance" around them.

YIGAL ZALMONA, in his catalogue introduction, tries to explain Ben-Haim's objects as artistic solutions to the tension created by the polarization of nature and culture and to show how the various symbols and metaphors (textures and

found material) are assimilated into each other to form a "new presence." What seems to be lacking in these "new presences" is a sensitivity for material *vis-à-vis* size and proportion, and a personality of their own.

One accepts the sculptures and reliefs as contemporary works, but cannot help placing their "souls" in the ateliers of other times. The derivativeness goes back to Picasso and Gris and up through Calder, Armitage, Motherwell and Pousette-Dart. The only difference is that Ben-Haim uses the spindly and crustaceous surfaces to portray an imaginary nature-culture syndrome in the throes of calamity, while his influences were seeking the truth right in front of them. (Israel Museum, Billy Rose Pavilion, Jerusalem).

TEL AVIV GALLERIES

Zitpora Ronen - paintings, (Artists House, 9 Alhaziz), till Nov. 12th.
Denise Tal-Halovsky - drawings and pastels commemorating Tel Aviv's 75th birthday, (French Cultural Institute, 11 Hayarkon).
Maxime Buhler - bronze sculptures (French Cultural Institute, 11 Hayarkon).
Uri Sietner - recent paintings (Sara Levi Gallery, 10 Pineles), till Nov. 15th.
Leon Butler, Avi Yuhav, Shaul Horvitz - photos and prints (Yehoshua Gadem Art Pavilion, Park Hayarkon), till Nov. 6th.

Dorit Fehman - recent works (Julie M. Gallery, 7 Glikson).
Arieh Berkowitz - small works (Proza Bookshop, Dizengoff Centre, till Nov. 18th).
Sabellis - paintings by Canadian painter (Ramat Gan Municipal Museum), till Nov. 10th.

Shlomo Katz - decorative paintings (Ugarit Gallery, 25 Gordon).
Paul Kor - watercolours (Tel Aviv Gallery, 1 Gordon), till Nov. 11th.

Ruth Katz - installation (Ahad Haam, 90 Ahad Haam), till Nov. 7th.
Shula Rosner - paintings (Gallery of Photo Art, 19 Frishman), till Nov. 13th.

Givon Group - show of gallery regulars (Neomi Givon Gallery, 4 Natan Hachacham).

Piero Cividalli - new works (Ramat Gan Municipal Museum), till Nov. 10th.

Draper Morel - Urban Greenery, photos (Gallery for Photo Art, 19 Frishman), till Nov. 13th.

Jacques Grinberg - paintings from 1968-1984 (Dvir Gallery, 2h Gordon), till Nov. 20th.

EXHIBITS IN JERUSALEM

At the Jerusalem Artists House (12 Shmuel Hanagid St.)
Peter Clarke - recent works by this South African artist.

Ariela Peleg - paintings.
Aviah Hashishoni - recent oil paintings and drawings.

Tzira Yulon - sculptures.
The above exhibits will close on Nov. 14th.

Memorial exhibit of works by Tessa Rakosh-Gur, (Artists House, 12 Shmuel Hanagid), Nov. 7-14th.

OVER MY kitchen sink hangs a yellowed "Peanuts" cartoon strip which reads: "The world needs messy people. Otherwise the neat people would take over."

In the United States, where there is a penchant for forming an organization for everything, some clever entrepreneur has established "Messies Anonymous." It charges a membership fee and publishes periodic newsletters purporting to help habitual slobs overcome their shortcomings.

Actually, my kitchen is a paragon of order compared to my office files. As I rush out at the close of each workday, I stuff into a drawer all the press communiques and readers' letters I haven't found time to deal with.

The day of reckoning has come. The drawer won't close any more. So I've dug into the mess.

NEAR THE TOP of the pile I found a timely booklet about a new-to-Israel method of double-glazing windows called "Thermo-window," distributed by a Jerusalem firm, Adim '84. Double-glazing is based on the principle of trapping a layer of air between two sheets of glass, to form an effective barrier against cold, heat and noise.

Often, this insulation is achieved by replacing the entire existing window with a new one made from two layers of glass, which involves the replacement or adaptation of the frames as well. Another common method is adding an external window and frame, parallel to the existing ones.

The Thermo-window system, which claims to cost only a third of the usual methods, provides double glazing by affixing an additional inside window to the existing window and frame. With hinged windows, this does not interfere with normal opening and closing. Sliding windows are more problematic, but a solution can usually be found by placing the Thermo window on the exterior on one section, and on the interior on the other. Windows that slide into a hollow in the wall are harder to adapt, and sometimes impossible.

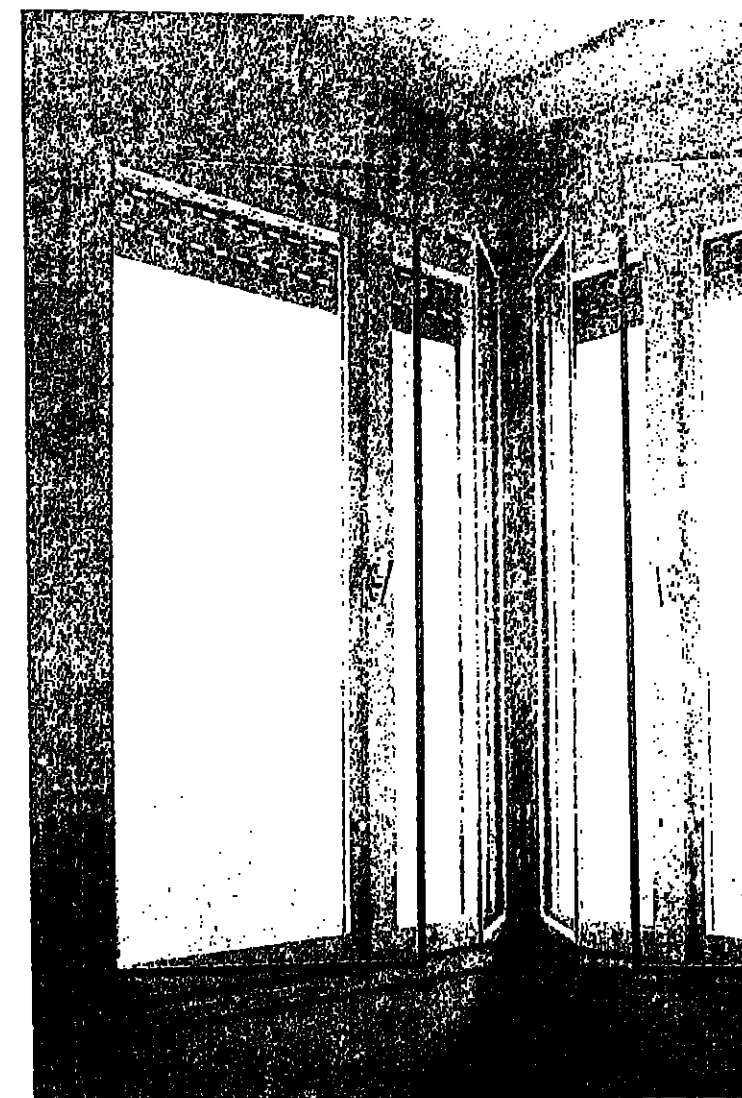
The special patented PVC profiles for the Thermo-window are imported from France, although the local company has a franchise to manufacture them here. They are custom-cut to the client's windows and fitted with local glass from the veteran Jerusalem glaziers, David Cremer and Sons, partners with Adim '84 in the project.

Directing the enterprise in Israel is a South American immigrant physicist, George Yaviv. He says this double-glazing method helps alleviate the familiar winter condition of condensation on windows, which necessitates their frequent cleaning. On the rare occasions when condensation forms between the two window layers, they can be separated easily for cleaning.

The cost of a Thermo-window affixed to a small hinged window (less than one square metre) is about equivalent to \$30, Yaviv told me. The method is even suited for arched windows, and can be employed with most sliding balcony doors. Tinted anti-sun glass is available at a slight extra cost; it is even possible to get a decorative stained-glass effect.

Adim '84 specializes in energy-conservation products. The shop is in the process of moving from Jaffa Road to Talpiot, so it is best to make enquiries by phone, 02-524845 or 224793. The latter number is that of Cremer the glazier. The firm has already set about finding agents throughout the country.

FREE ADVISORY bureaux on the



The "Thermo-window" double-glazing system with the additional inside window fixed to the existing window and frame.

Tying up loose ends

MARKETING WITH MARTHA

subject of heating and energy conservation are operating this year as usual in Tel Aviv and Jerusalem, under the auspices of the Ministry of Energy. In Tel Aviv, the consulting service is available every Tuesday and Thursday, from 3 to 7 p.m., at the Israeli Building Centre, 40 Rehov Ha'Universita, Ramat Aviv (tel. 03-425221). In Jerusalem, the bureau functions the same hours but on Sunday only, at the Ministry of Housing, 15 Ben Hillel (02-245202). Simple information can be obtained by phone but personal visits are preferable for getting a thorough explanation from a qualified engineer.

During the first week in December, the Building Centre in Tel Aviv will hold its annual exhibition, "Energy and Electricity," on methods of heating for winter, and their relative costs. It will be open weekday afternoons and Saturday evenings. When I asked the Centre whether December wasn't a bit late for the exhibition, the voice on the other end of the line replied, "That's the way we Israelis manage to arrange things."

Indeed, the typical local, or perhaps human, tendency is to ignore heating until the first severe cold wave is upon us - and then rush out and buy an appliance without

serious consideration of its suitability for the specific household. Perhaps the Building Centre reasons that the average consumer wouldn't trouble to visit an energy saving exhibition until the first gusts of winter are actually upon us. And after all, the worst of winter rarely strikes before January or February...and then, can spring be far behind?

Meanwhile, anyone who wants to visit the Centre's permanent exhibition, "The Israeli Home," on building materials and methods, can do so daily from 9 a.m. to 8 p.m., except Fridays or Saturdays, and from 7 to 10 p.m. on Saturday evenings.

DISHWASHERS are among the items banned from import for six months, but there are plenty available in the shops, and some importers report they have ample stocks to ride out the ban. It is therefore still relevant to report that there is an "identity problem" regarding the counterpoint "Princess" dishwasher imported from Sweden by Telsa International Ltd. of Ramat Gan.

A few weeks ago, Telsa won a temporary injunction from the Tel Aviv District Court ordering the firm Telemetal Ltd. of Holon to halt distribution and sale of a similar-looking dishwasher which it imports

from Greece. On November 11, according to a Telsa spokesman, there will be a hearing in the District Court to determine whether or not Telemetal (which also manufactures cooking stoves) may resume its distribution of the dishwasher and if so, what it must do to distinguish it from the Princess.

The importers of the Swedish dishwashers charge that some electric-appliance dealers have misled consumers into believing they are buying a genuine Princess, but the machine delivered to their homes has been the Greek copy. This should be presented here under the name "Telem" or "Compact."

Ilan Ahatonov of Telsa told me that passing-off is particularly easy because the Princess dishwasher has a very distinctive shape, with rounded corners, which, he says, the Greek firm has copied. Consumers can identify a true Princess only by the name on the front and the "Made in Sweden" label on the back. He added that the Swedish manufacturers joined with Telsa in filing suit against Telemetal.

Today's price to the Israeli consumer for a genuine Princess dishwasher is about the equivalent of \$740. Ahatonov said it was not always possible to recognize the Greek product by price differential alone, as some agents were selling it much cheaper than a real Princess, while others were charging nearly the same.

IN THE MIDST of all our serious economic worries, it is always refreshing to see a new local product which is original, well made and has an obvious export potential. I had a visit the other day from a young American member of Moshav Elazar in Gush Etzion. Gila Sack was representing Rik-Mah, a moshav enterprise for designing needlepoint canvases, mostly with Jewish and Israeli themes.

These are worked on imported canvas. Rik-Mah's newest line, however, is made entirely of local materials. It consists of do-it-yourself needlepoint kits for making three-dimensional soft toys, mobiles, and other colourful items for infants and children. They come with instructions in Hebrew and English, and are simple enough for an older child to do, but will probably appeal most to grandmothers who want to make a gift with their own hands.

For instance, you can make a baby block picturing Hebrew letters and familiar objects, and it will be both soft and washable. You can even put a jingling bell inside. The canvas itself is plastic; the yarns are acrylic. I was most taken with the do-it-yourself dollhouse, which resembles a country cottage. In a separate kit is a family of five dolls to fit the house.

These original kits are not cheap. In handicraft, toy and gift shops, they will retail for the equivalent of about \$8-\$12. Both the kits and the needlepoint canvases are available at discount prices at Moshav Elazar itself, which is the Gush Etzion settlement closest to Jerusalem. The new kits are already available at a number of retail stores, particularly in the capital.

Gila Sack told me there are plans to add kits for making Judaica objects from the plastic canvas and needlepoint - such as a Hanukkah top or an *etrog* box. The firm aims to export these 3-D kits, particularly to the U.S. and Britain, where Rik-Mah's flat needlepoint canvases are already sold. Additional details can be obtained by phone from the factory, (02-931191).

The needlepoint canvas plant gives full-time employment to five moshav women, supplemented by

women on maternity leave from their regular jobs. The nine-year-old moshav is made up of 29 young families, most of them from the U.S., Canada or Britain. Its other industries are chicken farming, fruit orchards, a chemistry lab, a data processing plant, and a kosher restaurant with a catering service throughout the Jerusalem area.

I MAKE NO secret of the fact that I like to encourage enterprises by recent immigrants and, in the nature of things, English-speaking immigrants tend to come to my attention most readily.

Among the newest such businesses in Tel Aviv is one called "Kwik-Kopy," and it is a local franchise of an American-based chain of printing shops which deal with everything from bar mitzva invitations to business reports. Its main drawing card is supposed to be fast service with a smile in a pleasant, modern atmosphere - quite different from the old-style printing shops scattered around the mercantile districts. Yet prices are said to be competitive with those in many items.

The new Kwik-Kopy is not the first of its kind in Israel. We already had Insty Print, with headquarters in Jerusalem, and Express Print, based in Tel Aviv.

The newcomer to the scene is headed by brothers Barry and Julian Green, formerly of London, who got the idea because a third brother has a Kwik-Kopy concession abroad. The two Tel Aviv locations are 50 Ahud Ha'am, in the Stock Exchange building (03-660941), and 1 David Hamelech, just off Ibn Gvirol (03-216872). There are some 900 Kwik-Kopy units around the world, and the mother office in Houston, Texas, is supposed to control standards of quality and service throughout the chain.

ALMOST DAILY, I get reports from friends, colleagues and readers about the weird and wondrous phenomena of Israeli prices for consumer goods.

A colleague cornered me with his adventures in shopping for a toilet seat. At a private shop on Tel Aviv's King George Street, he found that the highest-priced one was IS7,500. To satisfy himself before he bought it, he went a few blocks away to the Hamashbir department store, which is a Histadrut enterprise. There, he said, what appeared to be a virtually identical toilet seat was selling for over IS12,000.

A reader telephoned me on her return from the Super-Sol branch on Ben Yehuda Street in Tel Aviv. Why, she wanted to know, should a tin of imported Heinz baked beans cost only half the price of a comparable-sized tin made by the local manufacturer, Vita? Why indeed?

I checked the figures with the Super-Sol management and learned that, as of last Friday, a 420-gm. tin of Heinz beans was indeed selling for IS378, while a tin from Vita, about the same size, was IS762. Even a 350-gm. Vita tin of baked beans was priced at IS605.

By way of explanation, a Super-Sol official said that this was the tail-end of Heinz stocks, which would not be replenished because of the new restrictions on imports. I don't recall baked beans were even on the list of prohibited imports; indeed, I was surprised at the time that it included so few foodstuffs.

A more plausible explanation might be that local manufacturers have been more energetic than importers in raising their prices quickly to new all-time highs in anticipation of a price freeze.

Martha Melis

Implementments of religion



Seated Couple, Senufo tribe (Ivory Coast). Wood "Africa Image and Sound" Music & Ethnology Museum, Haifa.

THE VARIETY of rare musical instruments in the exhibition "Africa: Image and Sound" suggests the extent to which song, dance and music permeate tribal life. Among the many instruments that played a role in social, religious and magical ritual are huge hide-topped drums with carved sides; a horizontal arched hurp topped by a sculpted head; fiddles made from half gourds and plucking instruments from a turtle-shell. An hourglass-shaped double-headed drum from Nigeria served to transmit messages.

The majority of the 200 objects exhibited are connected with native beliefs. Perhaps the most fascinating are the fetish figurines from the Congo, carved from wood, with various substances and sharp objects attached to them by the medicine man. These statuettes are not among the prettiest of African art, but exude a threatening "spirit" and are modelled in powerful abstraction. Several witch-doctor's implements are also on exhibit.

A few fine old pieces of West African sculpture on show were intended to be used for fertility rites, ancestor worship, initiation ceremonies and magic purposes. Despite the bold simplification, they are full of vitality: a Senufo (Ivory Coast) couple, probably ancestor figures, are seated on low stools, their heads tilted forward and their elongated eyes half-closed. The static, symmetrical structure expresses dignity and strength. A tautly arched male Senufo figure stands on a heavy base which served for pounding the earth at agricultural fertility rites.

Quite different in its exquisite sensibility of carving is a small "Akua-bu" doll (Ashanti, Ghana), which was meant to ensure a beautiful baby

for a pregnant woman who carried it next to her body.

THE EXHIBITED masks lose much of their visual impact because of the crowded space assigned to the show. Nonetheless, some pieces emerge: a painted Bateke (Congo) mask styled in ultimate geometrical abstraction; a helmet mask of the Bakuba tribe (Zaire), inlaid with beads and cowries, its massive features of powerful cubic elements.

Rarely seen is an entire disguise of a Senufo secret society priest, a sackcloth hand-dyed in geometrical patterns. He wore it during exorcism ceremonies at night, while he leaped around the village to the accompaniment of droning horns, concealed by an elongated, open-jawed animal-mask with large fangs. Through this the priest emitted sparks of fire with the aid of a burning tinder.

One of the most splendid pieces is a headdress representing an antelope divinity called Chi Wara. It shows the sweeping curve of head and neck in openwork carving. Such pieces are worn by Bambara (Mali) boys who dance in pairs with marriageable, lavishly costumed young girls to promote growth in the fields.

A dissonant note is sounded by large, garish appliqué wall-hangings from Dahomey with their murderous thomos: tribesmen (shown red-skinned) cut off the head, tear apart and hang the white man (depicted in yellow). These designs express the hatred fostered by the colonial system which diminished much of the religious and spiritual fervour that once inspired the masterpieces of African art. It led the black artists to produce commercialized replicas and adaptations to Western taste.

A group of large sculptures (Bam-

bara or Dogon, Mali) represent female nudes holding lidded vessels. Their artistic merits are less than mediocre, but by sheer volume, they have a conspicuous place in the exhibition.

Among the small Baule (Ivory Coast) bronze figures groups of half-sized retainers surround a queen, attesting to bygone matriarchal supremacy.

RICHLy embroidered or colourfully woven costumes and fabrics are among the most attractive exhibits. Also shown are indigenous crafts: baskets, calabashes, beaded pieces, carved wooden neckrests and heavy metal bracelets, anklets and neckbands.

Unusual are the reliefs of carved wooden door-panels belonging to priestly granaries (Dogon, Mali), with rows of male and female ancestors: the top line is tallest, representing the earliest forefathers who obtained the largest share of the Creator's vital force.

Curator Nina Benzoor has succeeded in displaying the varied objects harmoniously despite the limited space; although some important pieces had to be tucked away in close corridors and showcases. Labels, field photographs and an illustrated booklet explain the exhibits.

A large part of the collection was a gift by Yekutiel X. Federman, who would like to increase understanding and respect for the spiritual values and artistic talents expressed in the material culture of the African peoples. (Music and Ethnology Museum, 26; Shabbetai Levy St. Haifa. Till April 30, 1985.)

Edith Yarga-Biro